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SENATOR BORAH'S PROPOSAL to restore all alien property taken over by the Government during the war, or to compensate the owners of it, ought not to excite surprise or opposition. It is, and should be regarded, as a routine procedure, unusual only in that it has been delayed too long. One of the positive gains that has been made in modern times in the hideous business of war is a general acceptance of the immunity of private property from seizure or unnecessary destruction, and our own insistence upon this principle, as applied to the high seas, was one of the chief reasons that led us into the European conflict. The office of the Alien Property Custodian was created not to confiscate or ruin the property in this country of nationals of countries with which we were at war but to take temporary charge of it, partly to prevent its being used against us and partly to protect it in cases where administration by the owners was impossible. That is the accepted usage in civilized countries in modern times—in effect, a trust. The fact that our officials shamefully betrayed that trust in the effort to gain economic advantage for American industries does not alter any of the original and fundamental principles; it is time that we recognized them and acted accordingly, even though we have to undo accomplished facts and pay damages for our wantonness.

FOR THE PRESENT victory goes to the imperial Powers which are unwilling to take drastic steps to restrict the production of opium to what is required for medical and scientific purposes. They kept the Geneva conference from action, but they may come to regret their short-sightedness. When the news spread that the American delegation was leaving, Viscount Cecil, it is reported, buried his face in his hands. Well he might. On him and his country will fall the onus of the wreck of the League's opium effort. Representative Porter is criticized by some because he was unwilling to compromise. But the world has learned in these post-war years that there are worse things than open failure to agree; the habit of concealing failure beneath a meaningless "compromise" has not commended itself in practice. Let the differences be aired. England, France, and Holland were not ready to go forward; the Asiatic Powers and the United States were ready. Japan has already achieved in Formosa what England will not try in India. Let those sickening facts be blazoned forth through Europe, and a time may come when action will be possible.

RESENTMENT AGAINST OUR IMMIGRATION laws is making an American passport a liability instead of an asset. After the war it was an assurance of fair and courteous treatment. Times have changed; travel on the Continent is impossible unless one has an unlimited supply of ten-dollar bills. Entry into Russia is increasingly difficult for American citizens. Now India and Japan are paying us back in our own coin, apparently not so much in the hope of accomplishing anything as to relieve their own feelings. India has passed a bill proposing "reciprocal treatment" for the citizens of those countries and colonies which discriminate against Indians. In Japan the Government, it is reported, is introducing a bill limiting foreign ownership of land to the citizens of countries where Japanese may own land. This bill will probably mean little in actual restriction of American industry because American business men can avoid the consequences in the same way that Japanese have avoided them here. Yet whatever the concrete consequences, the bitterness against American citizens is growing; open, friendly feelings are rarer and rarer. And it is our own fault.

MAYOR HYLAN seems to be gifted with something akin to Coolidge luck, without anything akin to Coolidge silence. The Smith-McAvoy report on the New York City Transit situation was in the newspaper offices waiting the release date when Brother Hedley of the subway lines got to work. This Democratic report, which clearly puts the major blame for the long deadlock upon the obstinacy and stupidity of the mayor and his associates, might have cleared the air; it insisted that the City Board of Estimate would have to cooperate with the State Transit Commission, and suggested immediate forward steps. But Hedley, with his little eyes firmly fixed on the Interborough's balance-sheet, thought he saw an opportunity to argue for his profits. The day before the report was released he put in a new plea for higher fares. And so Mayor Hylan had his opportunity. He does not

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need to answer the charges; he simply shouts "The interests are at it again; they want their ten-cent fare, but I, the champion of the people, will fight on forever"—and the old battle of words resumes, while the population grows and the steam shovels stand idle.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT has been made to bludgeon the press in the Virgin Islands—another in a series of efforts to silence any native newspaper which offers even the mildest criticism of the naval hierarchy which administers what Congress called a "temporary government" in the hurried act which it passed when we bought the islands from Denmark eight years ago. Already two alien editors have been deported and one native has been imprisoned for utterances displeasing to our brassbound martinets. Now Rothschild Francis, editor of the *Emancipator* and a native leader of high intelligence and unquestioned devotion to his people, has been sentenced *without trial by jury* to thirty days' imprisonment for criminal libel because of printing the following paragraphs:

> "Something is wrong with our Police Force" everybody is saying.
>
> Recently a policeman fired a shot which lodged in the tub of a private citizen, then he attempted a false arrest and before we were about to go to press he used his club in a brutal manner on a woman that he was ordered to take home, we understand. Merchants and other citizens are indignant. How long, O Justice! How long?

We print in full the paragraph objected to in order to show to what lengths our Caribbean censors go in restricting freedom of the press. We do not know whether the statements in the paragraph are accurate, but we do know that in the United States anybody accused of criminal libel on such a basis would be entitled to trial by jury, and we understand that the laws of the Virgin Islands guarantee a similar right.

ASIDE FROM OUR BELIEF that Judge George Washington Williams was legally in error in denying Mr. Francis a jury trial there is another objection to his course. An admitted hostility exists between Judge Williams and Mr. Francis which anywhere in the United States would entitle the accused to a change of venue. Mr. Francis had publicly criticized the appointment of Mr. Williams as judge and tried to stop it by appealing to President Coolidge. Mr. Williams, on his part, had publicly attacked Mr. Francis for seeking in behalf of the Virgin Islanders to induce Congress to pass a bill reestablishing a civilian government. (Such a form existed under the Danes.) There is no possibility of a change of venue in the Virgin Islands, but regard for common decency should have made Judge Williams himself insist upon putting the responsibility for a judgment upon a jury. Mr. Francis has appealed from his conviction to the federal courts of this country, and we hope that his persecution may advertise the sorry plight of the Virgin Islands sufficiently so that Congress may at last supersede the eight-year-old "temporary government" by a civilian administration, at the same time granting American citizenship to the natives, who now, by decree of the Department of State, are men without a country. Congress should have done this six years ago, when the armistice released it from the preoccupation of the European war. Long neglect makes the duty even more pressing and insistent.

"AS THE WORLD slips into 1925 we have all become —every one of us—the owners of hundreds of millions of able-bodied serfs." Do you, as an American, like the prospect? *Commerce and Finance*, a business publication, seems to. "We have a mortgage on the lives of both the living and the unborn," it continues, "in practically every nation of Europe except Russia. We shall have, if not gold pouring in, then its equivalent in merchandise. Each one of us can hope to have more to spend." But not without a moral. "With such wealth we can hope to do one of two things. We can waste it, individually, in vain and effete living, as every great empire has finally wasted its resources in the past; or else, utilizing the modern invention called capitalism, we can mass it in ways that will enable us . . . to remold the entire world nearer to the heart's desire. With money—and the labor of bonded slaves." The writer's ingenuous frankness would somehow seem more likeable unmixed with piety.

PATRIOTISM MISUNDERSTOOD can make fools of women as well as of men. The New York City Federation of Women's Clubs the other day passed a resolution to urge that only natural-born citizens of the United States be eligible to become justice of the Supreme Court, member of the Cabinet, or Speaker of the House. This is most un-American "Americanism." The women who sponsored it should be sent back to school to study their history. They would learn that the two men who put the United States on its financial feet—Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, and Albert Gallatin, who held that post under Jefferson and Madison; and perhaps the ablest Secretaries of the Interior this country has ever had—Carl Schurz and Franklin K. Lane—were all foreign-born. There are others only less notable. Why try to bar a repetition of their achievements?

HYSTERIA DOES NOT BREED WISDOM and we cannot, therefore, be surprised at the inanity of recent criticisms of the New York State Board of Parole by excited judges and sensational newspaper writers. Most of these criticisms have been inspired by the vindictiveness of certain sections of the public over the unexpectedly speedy release of Brindell and Anderson from their confinement in Sing Sing, but the "sob-sister" stuff given out the other day by a well-known judge of the New York Court of General Sessions can be attributed only to a kind of judicial madness of which we have had too many exhibitions of late. When Anderson and Brindell were sent to prison they and the judge who committed them and the prison authorities who received them all knew to an hour when they would become entitled to parole. What, then, is all the fuss about? The parole law and the statutes governing the commutation of sentences for good behavior are perfectly explicit and leave no discretion to the board except the arbitrary power to detain a prisoner for cause after he has earned his parole. It is the court and the statute, not the parole board, that decide how long a prisoner shall be confined.

GOVERNOR SMITH SEES "the urgent need of abolishing the present parole board" but he does not see the need of doing away altogether with the present inefficient system of paroling prisoners of which the parole board is the fit instrument. Any parole board that could

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be conceived would be equally helpless and perfunctory as long as the courts retained their present power of fixing the period of punishment, as they now in effect do. Transfer this power to the parole board and it will become obvious that that board must be composed of men of first-rate ability who will devote their entire time to the task of sifting the wheat from the chaff, and of releasing prisoners from confinement when and only when they have given evidence of their will and capacity to lead law-abiding lives. But this means a real indeterminate sentence, without minimum or maximum limit, for all convicted of State prison offenses, whether first offenders or repeaters.

LIBRARIANS HAVE RECENTLY seen themselves as others see them, through William S. Learned's competent study "The American Public Library and the Diffusion of Knowledge." Those who survive the endless questionnaire being sent out by the survey committee of the American Library Association will certainly be in a fair way to understand themselves and their fellow-librarians when the results are tabulated. The association announced at its midwinter session in Chicago that the report of this survey, financed by the Carnegie Corporation, will be ready for the semi-centennial conference in 1926. It will give detailed information about library organization, administration, and service in the United States and Canada. Mr. Learned pictures the library Utopia which a few progressive librarians in some measure achieve. Yet, he says,

> The daily losses in energy and material that result from sheer ignorance on the part of otherwise intelligent persons of how to avail themselves of the contents of books must be colossal beyond all calculation.

The public schools are increasingly teaching the use of books and libraries as a part of their curriculum. Of those children who are obliged to leave school to go to work the few who have learned how to use books have acquired a means of self-education that can be continued through life.

OUR AMERICAN PUBLIC-LIBRARY SYSTEM is the largest ready-made instrument for adult education in the world. It would seem the part of wisdom to see to it that this instrument is made to supply books for the various agencies engaged in that work. To do this satisfactorily will require tolerance and liberal-mindedness on the part of library administrations in supplying books to meet all tastes and all needs. The public library of the modern type is of much tenderer growth than the public school, being less than fifty years old. When there is a wider understanding of its potential usefulness to all ages and conditions—of the power of the book to provide not only information but recreation, and intellectual and emotional satisfaction—the public library will everywhere be supported with enough liberality to enable it to secure the two essentials of satisfactory service, a staff sufficiently large and well-equipped and an adequate book supply.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S PARTY wants President Butler to admit women to the Columbia Law School. Many times in years before the National Woman's Party was born women tried to get into the Columbia Law School, and the walls of the masculine sanctuary always stood firm. President Butler long ago turned the decision in the matter over to the law-school faculty, but a large majority of the professors resisted imprecations, pleas, and demands from candidates and organizations, and even from benefactors of the school. This defiance of the laws of change and the tendency of the times would be magnificent if it were wholly a matter of principle. The faculty, however, has never maintained that women could not master legal learning or that they should not be made to endure the frank and shocking language of the law. No, its argument has been lower and more practical. If women were admitted to the Columbia Law School, it said, then the choicer, more manly and red-blooded graduates of our great universities would go to the Harvard Law School! Two courses seem to lie open to the tacticians of the Woman's Party: Either they must bring about an inter-university treaty whereby the Harvard and Columbia law schools simultaneously open their doors to women; or a campaign must be undertaken in the men's universities to dilute the red blood with a little humor and common-sense. We advise the former course.

FOR THE HUMAN ELEMENT in that epic rush to Nome with serum for the diphtheria-sufferers the Drifter expresses the universal admiration elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*. We want, however, to put in our word for the magnificent animals that made that progress possible with the temperature thirty-five below zero and the wind blowing eighty miles an hour. Superb fortitude of man, yes, but similar fortitude of animal, sustained by a wonderful instinct for direction which man has had civilized out of him, and by a fidelity which man can never surpass and rarely equals. There was that great driver unable to see the dog immediately in front of him, much less the leader. He had lost all direction, he had no idea where he was. The team left station after station to one side; those wonderful animals knew they were bound for Nome, and to his destination they carried their master mile after terrible mile, tireless, undaunted, unconquerable. Never before had we heard of dogs being frozen while running in the traces at top speed, yet their suffering was dismissed by a curt telegraphic line that "the frozen dogs will be well in four or five days." Now comes the later news that they are dying. No, there are others to exalt the glorious courage of the man; we pay our tribute to the dumb animals that gave an exhibition heroic beyond all else. Without them the driver must have failed if he had not perished. Who shall say that these are not the best friends of man?

JOHN LANE WAS ONE OF THOSE rare publishers who cannot be neglected by the writers of literary history. What Humphrey Mosely was to Milton, Jacob Tonson to Dryden, Taylor and Hessey to Keats, and John Murray to Byron, Mr. Lane was to at least a dozen writers in England during the famous nineties. When the biography of Max Beerbohm comes to be written there will have to be a chapter on the publisher who was not only his agent but his friend; and the same is true in the case of John Davidson, William Watson, and practically all of the authors and artists who combined with Lane to make the *Yellow Book* an event in literature. After the nineties were over Lane struck out new paths for his enterprise, as Max Beerbohm did, and for the past quarter-century his name has stood both in London and New York for excellence and originality in the making of books; through him Anatole France became an English classic. The announcement of his death inspires regret for the passing of a generous and cultivated man, representative of a charming period.

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Prosperity—For Whom?

MR. COOLIDGE was elected President, it is generally agreed, chiefly on the issue of "prosperity." Compared with Europe's and its own recent past, the country seemed to be doing pretty well industrially. More Coolidge would mean more and better business, and this in turn would percolate to the entire community. Mr. Davis, it was argued, might upset the equilibrium, and Mr. La Follette would be pretty sure to do so. Why change?

The election is now more than three months in the past and a good deal has happened in the interval. How goes "prosperity"? "Big business" and Wall Street are normally Republican. They put up an enormous campaign fund and—already they have had at least part of their reward. For three months the stock market has been booming and boiling. So long-continued and so far-reaching a bull market is without precedent in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. There has been an increase in stock prices estimated at an average of 25 per cent and a total of six billion dollars. There have been unexampled profits for bankers, brokers, speculators, owners of large blocks of stocks, and in general for the privileged insiders.

And upon what has all this been based? Upon increased foreign trade? Upon greater domestic consumption? Not at all. It is a purely financial as distinguished from an industrial boom. Generally speaking, there has been no increase in the dividends on the stocks that have been soaring nor any gain in the earnings of the companies behind them. Most of the indices of the condition of industry show that it is not only not better since the election but not as good as in the recent past. The latest bulletin of the Federal Reserve Board shows that there was a decline in November as against October in production, in car loadings, and in wholesale trade. There was also a loss for the six months ending with November as compared with 1923—of 21 per cent in production, of 5 per cent in car loadings. The production of pig iron is generally regarded as one of the most accurate indices of the state of industry. Statistics just published by the *Iron Age* show that pig-iron production in 1924 was 31,000,000 tons as compared with 40,000,000 tons in 1923. It is true that there have been an increased demand and better prices for copper within recent months. Likewise railroad earnings for 1924 have been encouraging, but this change is due primarily to more economical management. The motor industry has been less prosperous than formerly and facts gathered by the Department of Commerce indicate that we are not holding the foreign market which we captured from Europe during the World War. While in 1920 we had 73 per cent of the automobile-export trade of the world, we had only 54 per cent of it during the first six months of 1924. France, Italy, and England are getting back their lost business. Oil stocks are the latest group to show a rise, but this is not owing to the opening of new or better markets; it is due to the fact that production had been curtailed until an exhaustion of current stocks brought higher prices. For the community at large the result is higher prices for gasoline.

What then is behind the great inflation in stock values? It is simply a capitalization of popular psychology—the belief of the ordinary citizen that he was going to get the prosperity he voted for—assisted, as Senator Shipstead pointed out in Congress the other day, by Secretary Mellon and the Federal Reserve Board. The Federal Reserve Board, which had kept a tight hand on speculative money for several years, lifted the lid as if for the benefit of Wall Street. Call money, which had been averaging about 5½ per cent, went down to 3 and 2 per cent, and business on the Stock Exchange boomed accordingly.

Meanwhile where does the average citizen come in? It was not the votes of "big business" and Wall Street that elected Mr. Coolidge. They supplied the money and the propaganda, but the average citizen furnished the votes. Where is his prosperity? The situation of the farmer, who is our basic producer and consumer, although better than four years ago, is still uncertain and unsatisfactory. Temporarily to some of them the skies look brighter because of higher grain prices. On January 28 May wheat sold in Chicago for $2.05⅞ a bushel, the highest price in sixty years except during the war shortage. But this wheat had for the most part passed out of the hands of the farmer; the profit went to others. Besides that there is no assurance that grain prices will continue high. No relief has yet been devised for the fundamental troubles of the farmer. The report of President Coolidge's commission is one of generalities and futilities, as had been expected.

So far as the average wage or salary worker goes, what is his measure of prosperity? It depends upon wage rates, the total amount of employment, and the cost of living. With a few inconsequential exceptions, wage rates have not been rising since election. On the other hand there have been numerous important reductions. Shortly after election the cotton mills all over New England began cutting wages, including the plant of Senator Butler, who was Mr. Coolidge's campaign manager. The garment industry is on the verge of distress, and the woolen industry is only a little better off than the cotton trade; the silk business is the only thing in textiles that is prosperous—perhaps in view of the expected splurge in silk shirts and silk stockings in the wake of the clean-up in Wall Street. Publishers report a declining market for magazines and newspapers. Not only have wage rates not increased; neither has the total of earnings through greater employment. On the contrary, the recent report of the Federal Reserve Board shows that for the six months ending last November employment was 12 per cent lower than the year before.

With his earnings no higher, if as high, the only way in which the average worker can be better off is through a lower cost of living. But the records of the Bureau of Labor Statistics in thirty-two cities show an average increase of 1.1 per cent in the cost of living in the three months, September to December, 1924. Further advances in retail prices seem to be coming, since R. G. Dun and Company's records showed wholesale commodity prices as higher on February 1 than any time since December, 1920.

Where then is the average man's share of the prosperity promised in the election of Mr. Coolidge? It has not arrived and it is not discernible on the horizon. But when the stock boom spends itself and deflation sets in, the average citizen will be invited, as usual, to sustain the losses.

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A Progressive Platform

BY no means the least of the problems confronting the progressive convention to be held in Chicago on Washington's Birthday is the question of a platform. That adopted for the La Follette campaign was long; yet the committee on resolutions rejected more than 400 additional suggestions, many of them valuable and worth while. What is now needed, if there is to be a period of organization and education, is to agree upon some few general planks upon which all the progressive forces may unite. Our American progressives are fortunately individualistic in their political views, but this has its drawbacks when it comes to organizing a party. Hence the effort will have to be to discuss certain broad principles upon which all can agree, however much disagreement there may be as to details and relative values.

As a contribution to whatever discussion there may be, we beg to submit some suggestions—not that we believe they may be accepted in their entirety. The tariff plank will hardly be adopted, although there is nothing more important in the fight against special privilege and vested interests, or in the question of peace. The following are the planks we would offer:

1. Direct nomination and election of the President; a national referendum, especially on war. Revision of the Constitution to place the Cabinet on the floor of Congress for a regular question-hour; to provide for the immediate installation of a newly elected Congress; to abolish the electoral college and to make nation-wide referenda possible;

2. Government ownership of natural resources, such as water-power, super-power, and mines. The development and operation of the remaining water-power to be by the government;

3. Government ownership of railroads and pipe-lines;

4. Free trade, and immediate liberalization of the present immigration laws;

5. Ratification of the child-labor amendment to the Constitution;

6. Equal rights for all women;

7. Indorsement of consumers' and producers' cooperation; existing obstacles thereto to be removed;

8. Abolition of the injunction in labor cases; labor's right to bargain collectively and to organize free from the danger of persecution under anti-trust and other laws;

9. Foreign policy: The outlawry of war; complete disarmament; the flag not to follow the investor; our forces to be withdrawn from the Caribbean republics; elimination of oil and business concessions as the directing force in our foreign policy; reduction of foreign debts to us in return for concessions as to disarmament and economic reconstruction abroad; a genuine big-brother attitude toward American republics in place of the present bloody, militaristic policy;

10. Economy, honesty, and efficiency in government, introduced by men pledged to govern in the interest of the whole people and not in the name of the great interests;

11. Free press, free speech, and restoration of the personal liberty guaranteed by the Constitution but now subject to hourly violation by officials of the government from police officers up; summary punishment of officials who fail to uphold the Constitution in these respects.

We are well aware that these proposals will be criticized because they are too inclusive and not inclusive enough. Labor will be sure to contend that the plank relating to its interests is inadequate, although it follows the labor plank in the La Follette platform. The proposals will seem too tame to many and too radical to others. Yet we submit that they form an entering wedge for the bringing back of the government to the people. They compare favorably with the planks advocated by Roosevelt in 1912 and those formulated by Woodrow Wilson and his party when he declared that "the masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States."

Again, we have not dealt with the problem of the trusts and the farmers save indirectly. One reason for this is that our platform looks to the enunciation of principles rather than to the prescribing of panaceas, the need for which may have passed before any progressive party can take office in America. The farmers' salvation lies chiefly in cooperation, in the abolition of the tariff, and in the opening up of foreign markets.

After all, the most important thing about a party can often not be written into words or expressed in resolutions. That is the spirit and the will to reform which Woodrow Wilson voiced with such power in the early days of his Presidential candidacy. Both the old parties, as we have so often said, are conspicuously unfit and hopelessly bankrupt in morals and ideas. It is the forward-looking attitude of a new and unspoiled party that will count beyond all else, if read in connection with the character and the record of those who lead. Upon some such simple platform as we have offered must the new movement build, but it should have a wide base. There must be recognition by all concerned that, to quote Woodrow Wilson again, "the great struggling unknown masses of the men who are at the base of everything are the dynamic force that is lifting the levels of society. A nation is as great, and only as great, as her rank and file."

A Grandeur That Was Rome

READERS who gather their knowledge from Gibbon alone gain but a faint idea of one of the grandeurs that was Rome. To them the story, carried in the daily papers, that France had once more withdrawn her envoy from the Holy See and that the once powerful and invisible empire could only acquiesce with dignified impotence, will lack the pathos which it has for those who know more intimately the story of that power. Gibbon was describing only "the triumph of barbarism and Christianity"; temperamentally he was incapable of appreciating that which was rising as the empire fell, and nowhere in his great work is there any adequate appreciation of a phenomenon which was new in the history of the world—the development of a power which was, for a time, purely spiritual and which held the civilized world in such a common obedience as the greatest armies had been unable to enforce. He described with irony the faults of the Fathers, but he never guessed their greatness.

In the year 390 A.D. Theodosius, last of the great emperors save Justinian, heard of a riot in Thessalonia, and with the quick wrath of his Spanish nature punished it by the indiscriminate massacre of some seven thousand citizens. No power on earth, legal or military, could question

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his action, and the world had ceased to believe that justice was anywhere mighty. But when Theodosius presented himself soon after at the Church of Milan he met upon its threshold a man who dared in temperate but weighty words to forbid him to enter, and to tell him, undisputed master of the world, to depart and "in seclusion from the rest of the faithful, to practice penitence and prayer till the time should come when he might be fitly absolved from his great guilt." Eight months later Theodosius prostrated himself upon the floor and, striking himself upon his forehead and tearing his hair with his hands, repeated from the Psalms "My soul clings utterly to the dust; quicken thou me according to thy word."

The man was Ambrose, and whatever purely political power the medieval popes had, Ambrose had none. Theodosius need have feared no rebellion or dethronement; nothing faced him except his own conscience, for which he allowed his bishop to speak—and before it he quaked. For the first time in the history of the world a sovereign felt the weight of a purely spiritual power, and he gave way before something greater than himself. Had that power been always, as it was here, upon the side of justice, there is no guessing how it might have remodeled the world, but unworthy aims and secular pride first corrupted and then destroyed it. Seven hundred years later, when another great emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, humbled himself before a pope at St. Mark's, and, saying "Non tibi sed Petri," received the haughty response "Et Petri et mihi," that corruption had already begun. Ambrose would never have asked for himself any share of the humiliation which he demanded.

When Theodosius yielded to Ambrose the world understood that a new power had come to reanimate the dying body of the empire, and if it needed another incident to teach it that it was henceforth to put its reliance in something other than kings that incident came a century later. The terrible Attila had swept with fire and massacre through northern Italy and had come before the walls of Rome, which lay utterly at his mercy. Ambassadors from the puny emperor he despised, but even he, savage though he was, looked with respect upon Leo I, bishop of the city and first of the great popes, who came to meet him. Moved perhaps by superstitious memory of the swift death of Alaric, who had dared touch the sacred city, his fierceness and his anger melted before the words of the ecclesiastic. Promising to return to his own land beyond the Danube and to live perpetually at peace with the Romans, he laid the basis of papal power which was to endure for fourteen centuries. A year later Attila, high upon a couch in his barbaric banqueting-hall, lay dead of a nose-bleed which had come upon this terror of the world in a drunken sleep and choked him while he slept. Proud as he was he had never realized his true importance, because all that he really accomplished was done unwittingly, and the "scourge of God" was in effect the fosterer of Christianity. No sooner was he dead than his vast empire of savages melted away, but fugitives who escaped from his wrath into some marshes of the Adriatic built the huts which were the beginning of Venice, which was to be some centuries later Europe's bulwark against the Mohammedans. And because he, who yielded to no other, yielded to the bishop of Rome the imagination of the people was touched as it had never been touched before. Not an emperor, but a pope, had saved civilization from its destroyer. No clearer sign was needed to show the shift of power.

Poincaré Again

POINCARÉ became President of France on February 18, 1913; and the next day Georges Louis, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, was removed from his post. In his stead went Delcassé, whose violent passions had brought Europe to the verge of war in 1905. Georges Louis kept his silence at the time, but then and later he jotted records and impressions of his conversations in his notebooks. Five years ago Ferdinand Gouttenoire de Toury, studying the contemporary newspaper records, came to the conclusion that Georges Louis had been forced out because Isvolsky, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, and Poincaré had found him too pacific in his policy. Publication of Isvolsky's correspondence a year later confirmed this shrewd guess, except that it was Sazonov, the Russian Foreign Minister, who initiated the movement to oust the French Ambassador. Publication of Georges Louis's notebooks has begun, and, as Mr. Robert Dell points out elsewhere in this issue, they turn a new searchlight upon Poincaré's record as a provocator of war.

The published Russian diplomatic correspondence long ago made it clear to those who were willing to review the record that Poincaré and Isvolsky had worked hand in hand in anticipation of the war. The best that one can say for them is that they were convinced that war was inevitable; certainly they made no effort to avert it. Georges Louis's diary now gives us the contemporary judgments of Frenchmen who have publicly expressed other views. Lord Bertie, the British Ambassador in Paris, has also published a diary full of grumbling at Isvolsky's mad bellicosity. Paleologue, too, who succeeded Delcassé and was French Ambassador at St. Petersburg in the days immediately preceding the war, has published his diary, and his account of the dangerous July days when Poincaré and the Czar were exchanging toasts is full of happy expectation of the war. On July 21 Poincaré instructed his subordinate thus: "Sazonov must be firm, and we must back him up." On July 26, accordingly, Paleologue said to Sazonov: "We cannot give way, on pain of ceasing to exist. We shall not avert war." With such an attitude it was inevitable that efforts to stave off the war failed.

Georges Louis thought the Russian policy in Southeastern Europe calculated to provoke a general European war, and naturally Poincaré found him an obstacle. But he was not at all alone. Stephen Pichon, who was several times Foreign Minister, and the Cambon brothers, who were French ambassadors at Berlin and London, regarded Poincaré as a tool of Czarist diplomacy, according to Louis's diary. On November 1, 1914, Jules Cambon, the diary notes, commented on the evil turn which Poincaré's advent to office had given European politics, concluding: "Poincaré was partly the cause of the European war." On January 14, 1915, the diary records Pichon remarking that if Louis had remained at St. Petersburg there would have been no war, and that Paleologue had "egged the Russians on to war." The Kaiser, according to Cambon, lost hope of peace when Poincaré became Foreign Minister of France in 1912.

Naturally these conversations are denied. Paul Cambon is dead, but his brother enters a denial for both. Paleologue denies too, but his own diary is a sufficient verification of Louis's notes—more trustworthy than his word.

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Coming Scandals in France

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, January 5

FRANCE seems likely before long to have a crop of political scandals in which certain reputations, already tarnished, may be finally destroyed. The two men whose reputations are particularly at stake are Poincaré and Clemenceau, but others are involved with them. The amnesty of Caillaux and Malvy, which has restored them to political life, does not mean that the last has been heard of the proceedings that led to their conviction. It is doubtful whether there is any legal means of revising a judgment of the Senate sitting as High Court, before which they were both tried, but it is always possible to hold an inquiry into the circumstances that led to their prosecution and subsequent conviction. Malvy has already declared that he will not be satisfied until his innocence has been established, and it is probable that Caillaux is of the same mind. The establishment of their innocence would mean the condemnation and discrediting of Clemenceau.

Ex-Premier Poincaré

Malvy has already made a revelation which has not been and cannot be denied. One of the chief grounds of his conviction by the Senate was the fact that early in the war he had given a subsidy to a paper called the *Bonnet Rouge*, which afterward became "defeatist." It will be remembered that a man called Duval, who at a later date became the financial backer of this paper, was convicted of treason and shot, and that the editor of the paper, a young adventurer called Almereyda, died in prison in mysterious circumstances that suggested murder.

As Malvy has now declared, the subsidy to the *Bonnet Rouge* was decided on by a Cabinet Council, at which M. Poincaré as President of the Republic presided, and had the full approval of the latter. In fact, the *Bonnet Rouge* was for a time bought by the French Government to prevent it from opposing the war, and the aim was attained so long as the government subsidy lasted. The policy of the paper changed only when Duval became its financial backer. The scandal in this matter is that Poincaré and Malvy's former ministerial colleagues allowed the subvention of the *Bonnet Rouge* to be used against Malvy at his trial without revealing their own responsibility for his action in the matter. In the recent debate in the French Senate on the amnesty bill Poincaré paid a tribute to Malvy's patriotism, which helped to secure the overwhelming majority by which he was amnestied, but that tribute came five years too late.

Very serious charges were made against Malvy at his trial. He was accused, among other things, of having instigated the dangerous revolt in the French army in the spring of 1917. All these charges broke down and Malvy was acquitted on every one of them. The Senate, holding itself to be a "sovereign court" and therefore above the law, invented an offense unknown to the French Penal Code—neglect of duty—convicted Malvy of it, and sentenced him to banishment for five years. The second ground of the conviction was Malvy's policy during the strike in Paris in the spring of 1917 of the female employees in the clothing and millinery trades. That strike developed into a serious anti-war agitation. I was in Paris at the time and saw thousands of the strikers marching along the Grand Boulevard and crying "Down with the war!" "Give us back our men!" Clemenceau and others urged that the Government should repress the agitation by force. That would have meant calling out troops, who, in the mood in which the strikers were, would have been obliged to fire on them. And that would have meant that the agitation would have become a revolt, if not a revolution. The revolt in the French army occurred at about the same time. Had the news reached the front, as it would have, that the government was shooting down women in Paris, the war would have been ended so far as France was concerned.

There can be no doubt that Malvy's persistent refusal to interfere with the agitation in Paris kept France in the war. The strike was eventually settled and the agitation fizzled out. In this matter as in the other Malvy acted with the consent and approval of Poincaré and the Cabinet. So convinced was Poincaré that Malvy was the only Minister of the Interior capable of keeping the turbulent elements quiet that, on the occasion of one of the changes of government during the war, when it was proposed to put somebody else in Malvy's place, it was Poincaré who successfully urged his retention. Yet in this matter too, neither Poincaré nor Malvy's former colleagues came forward during his trial to avow their responsibility.

Clemenceau knew the facts perfectly well. He never for a moment believed in the guilt either of Malvy or of Caillaux. He just wanted to get them both out of his way. Moreover, he needed the support of the *Action Française* when he became Prime Minister in 1917, and to get that support he promised to prosecute Caillaux and Malvy. Caillaux was kept in prison for more than two years before his trial because of the difficulty of working up any case against him, although Europe and America were scoured for evidence true or false. The secret services of all the Allied countries, including the American, were mobilized against Caillaux, and an English secret-service agent at Geneva paid about $6,000 for a number of forged documents, including an agreement, purporting to have been signed in Switzerland during the war, between Caillaux and Bethmann-Hollweg! These documents were not produced at the trial. Although the majority of the Senate were hostile to Caillaux, he too was acquitted of all the charges made against him and convicted of an offense that had never been mentioned during the trial and on which no evidence had been offered. The leading counsel for the defense, Maître Demange, one of the most eminent of French barristers, solemnly protested against this violation of law.

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Such are the outlines of the case that Clemenceau will have to answer if and when there is an inquiry into the trials of Caillaux and Malvy. There were other events during the Clemenceau administration that may be the subject of investigation, notably the strange proceedings of his *chef de cabinet*, one Georges Mandel. This gentleman, whose real name is Jeroboam Rothschild, was the son of Clemenceau's tailor. Clemenceau picked him up nearly twenty years ago, when he was quite young, and ever since Rothschild-Mandel has been Clemenceau's factotum. His conduct in general has not improved Clemenceau's reputation, and the latter's friends have again and again vainly urged him to restrain his too zealous employee.

The recent publication of extracts from the diary of Georges Louis, the late French ambassador in Russia, was the beginning of a campaign against Poincaré. The half-hearted suggestion that the quotations were not genuine was soon disposed of by Louis's widow. Some of the persons whose opinions Louis quoted have disclaimed the remarks attributed to them, but some of the disclaimers have been a bit evasive and nobody attaches much importance to any of them. Apart from the fact that the persons in question are known to have held the opinions about Poincaré's policy attributed to them, it is obvious that Louis, noting the conversations that he had had daily in his diary immediately after they had taken place, is more likely to have remembered them accurately than are the other persons concerned several years afterward. The diary was a private one and was not written for publication.

Poincaré removed Louis from the French Embassy at Petersburg at the request of Isvolsky, the Russian ambassador at Paris, because Louis was in favor of peace and was therefore an obstacle to the Isvolsky-Poincaré policy. The quotations from the Louis diary confirmed the opinion that is gaining ground in France that Poincaré had a great responsibility for the war. That opinion has already been expressed in several books published in France during the last few years and supported by strong evidence. It is very plain that Poincaré is afraid, and he has reason to be, for there are many people in France who have made up their minds that he shall be impeached if they can bring it about. A declaration of war requires the consent of Parliament and that consent was never even asked.

It is because Poincaré recognizes this possibility that he shows such nervousness whenever the question of his responsibility for the war is raised, as it was by the Louis publication. In fact, far more damning evidence against Poincaré is to be found in the Isvolsky dispatches from 1911 to 1914, of which the complete text in a German translation has now been published by the German Government in three volumes, containing a large number of hitherto unpublished documents. The extracts from Louis's diary carried weight in France because Louis was a French ambassador, but Poincaré himself must know the much greater importance of the Isvolsky dispatches, of which he has never dared to contest the authenticity.

On the whole, we may look out for lively times in France, in the course of which some truth may come to light. No people are more ready than the French, as they showed in the Dreyfus affair, to admit their mistakes and make amends—and to punish the men by whom they were deceived.

Alaska: Our Returning Frontier

By BRUCE ROGERS

THE frontier is winning back Alaska. The placer-gold cycle has almost gone and the tide of adventurers who swept out new trails through the tundra wastes and planted great wooden capitals on the Yukon and the Arctic coast has backwashed to the greater "Outside." Nome and its Canadian forerunner, Dawson, are lined with empty houses, falling to pieces, and the old-timers still remaining are relics of a quarter century that has gone. A few lame-duck political appointees survive in their store clothes, but they are pathetic, hothouse growths.

This is the Arctic Alaska of gold, malamute, and intense winter cold. The southern shores have not fared so disastrously. And in the panhandle region there is some permanency, though Juneau and its sister cities are not flourishing as they were earlier in the century, despite the more genial climate of this southeastern strip. Anchorage and Valdez, halfway between Juneau and the Arctic, are holding on, sadly diminished, but not the ghosts that Nome has become. And a seasonal life every summer invades the salmon streams that indent the seaboard for thousands of miles from Ketchikan to Bristol Bay. But Arctic Alaska, once resplendent with her gold-digging hordes, is saying farewell to the white race and is fading away to the lonely whiteness that shrouds her hills from November to May.

Yet physically Arctic Alaska has changed little, except that her surface gold has been scratched out of her creeks and beaches and the Caucasian biped is giving way to the Eskimo and Indian once more. The Siberian reindeer has to some extent taken the place of the caribou herds. But big caribou herds remain, returning a little from the hinterlands to which they have been pushed and in some cases interbreeding with their tamer relatives. The bull moose, lynx, and wolf still flourish. The gigantic brown bear, greatest of the ursine family, is rearing her cubs, and the ice of Bering Sea floats the walrus and polar bear. Alaska's hills and valleys are abloom with glorious flowers in early spring and swept in winter by the fierce winds that have blown over them since time began in the Arctic.

Arctic Alaska is too barren a pasturage for the white man, now that the surface gold has been skimmed away, but it throbs with its own life. Eskimos still fringe the coastline from the Kuskokwim to the Canadian north. Hardy folks they, whose snow lands have not been coveted as were those of the Indians' south of "Fifty-four Forty." They are surviving as a race the white man's diseases, even the Spanish influenza that in 1918 emptied two-thirds of the Seward Peninsula igloos. Their ways have been modified but not revolutionized by contact with the missionary, the teacher, gold-digger, fur buyer, and whaler. Some are reindeer herdsmen now, but for the most part they trap the fox and catch the seal and walrus and whale, though with steel-toothed traps, high-powered rifles, and bombs. The igloo remains the prevailing architecture be-

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cause no white men's housing methods will keep out the cold like these semi-dugouts, covered with walrus hide and turf; when collecting a little dog-sled load of driftwood is a half day's job, the home must conserve heat. The igloo clothing industry remains. No white man's garb of cotton or wool will keep out Arctic winds like that ancient garment, the parka, a one-piece tunic of fur that fits snugly from head to feet. Crawl through the narrow tunnel into an igloo and you find the women-folks chewing the tough hides of Arctic animals to make them pliable for their mates to wear. Teeth still manage this difficult tanning task though sugar and white flour are softening the molars. The white man's price system has entered into the Eskimo's life, but chiefly in relation to his dealings with the outsider. The old communal village unity is yet the most pronounced characteristic of an Eskimo settlement. Some further changes have taken place through the introduction of Christianity—a different creed for every part of Eskimo Alaska, the territory having been parceled out among the missions by the government. But little moral priggishness has come with Christianity—the Eskimo's blood is too warm.

Alaska's authentic history for the white man began with the voyage of Bering and Chirikov in 1741. Until that time the Eskimos and Indians had lived out a hundred generations untroubled by the outside world except for the visits of other Eskimos from East Cape, Siberia, who came in big open skin boats to trade. And for nearly a century and a half after the first imperial flag was raised over the Northland white intruders were few. A rough and ready census of the whites in this 600,000 square miles of remoteness in 1867, the year Seward purchased Alaska for $7,000,000, shows only 483 Russians and Siberians and 150 Americans, outside of troops, with 200 other Caucasians. Set off against these were 27,000 natives, with about 1,400 half-breeds. By 1880, after thirteen years of American occupancy, there were only 430 whites.

America was even less interested in her new possessions than the Czar had been. For the first seventeen years Congress did not bother to set up any government. Instead it granted a fur-seal monopoly to the Alaska Commercial Company, which paid $300,000 into the federal treasury annually for the privilege of making much more. If the Alaska Commercial Company chose to conduct a school for the natives of Unalaska, the United States did not interfere, nor was it interested. America assumed no responsibility for her new lands. If men and women up there wanted to live together the United States had no provision for the recording of marriages, nor could title be given to property. Trial by jury did not exist. There was only a military occupation that consisted of groups of garrisoned soldiery without civil functions. Our troops in those days were not so versatile as our marines in Haiti today.

It was the gold miner who brought political history to Alaska. A preliminary gold rush to the Juneau district in 1881, a mere trickle as compared to those that flooded the Arctic in the late nineties, brought conflicting property interests and led to the appointment of a governor in 1884. The governor's arm was short, however, and as miners began to penetrate the remote places the only government they knew was the one they created themselves under "Miners' Law," with its standard punishments of hanging, banishment, and fines.

The placer-gold cycle that gave Alaska a white man's boom began with the discovery of the great Klondike placers in 1896, gained impetus in the creeks and on the beaches of Nome three years later, took another great drive forward after several additional years with the uncovering of the richer "third beach" where prehistoric waters had washed, and wound along in diminished ratio, through many stampedes, until the emptying of the placer gravel beds.

Alaska cried out to the common man, to the fellow with two strong arms and a fearless heart, who saw a chance to carve out the fortune that was denied him in a civilization crystallized outside. Just as big business was taking possession of the production of wealth in the populated Southland, Alaska flaunted her poke sacks before the eyes of the adventurer. It took little time for a new big business, in part Alaska-grown, in part a limb of outside capital, to get its hands on most of the poke sacks, but as long as new placer beds were to be found it was the independent prospector who was breaking the trails into the unknown.

The prospectors came to get rich, but their hunt was not a commonplace pursuit of wealth. Nor were the seekers of gold commonplace. Had they been, they would have stayed outside to continue work in factories, on farms, or in professions. They shared few of the timidities common to most men. And many were hardened though beaten refugees from the wars of Cripple Creek and Coeur d'Alene. Such as quailed before the stern Northland quickly found their way out again. Those who stayed in the Arctic game were strong and imaginative. It is natural that such persons fell, almost unconsciously, in love with their borean mistress and clung to her long after the golden dowry proved to be an illusion. The magic of this lonely, desolate, but beautiful land had cast a spell which they could feel more often than describe. And the independent life of the prospector—his own boss—was compensation for the meager material returns.

Half the Nome district miners left in one summer—half of the scanty remnant of the big migrations during the war. The richer placers had been stripped and the big companies had taken nearly all the remaining ones. Most of the gold diggers of Nome were actually wage earners. They didn't like to admit it. They would take a summer's earnings and prospect until these were spent, but not many of them were panning out their own gold much of the time. That summer the wage-earning miners rebelled. There was a big strike throughout the Nome district for the eight-hour day. The strike created much indignation among the mine operators and their satellites who controlled the district politically. Coming as it did during the war for democracy it was denounced as seditious, and the indictment and trial followed of the editor of the miners' daily paper, the Nome *Industrial Worker*, official organ of the Nome Miners' Union, which was affiliated with the International Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union. A former editor of the same paper was indicted and tried earlier in the year when the operators were getting ready for the strike. Yet this labor walkout, thus described as treason, was called solely for the purpose of enforcing something that the people had declared for at the polls. An eight-hour-day law had carried at the territorial referendum the year before, by 85 per cent of the votes cast—and then was nullified by the courts.

Nome was aging in those days, but it was still capa-

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ble of abundant emotion. The strike aroused the fighting spirit of both sides as the Great War failed to do. The reader should not conclude hastily from this that Nome lacked patriotism, nor need he jump to that conclusion when I admit the fact that not a single eligible male had gone voluntarily into the custody of the local army officers who were attempting to recruit against the "Hun." The town's Liberty Bond record ought to refute such suspicions; Nome's social leaders never wearied of telling of their indefatigable efforts in the bond and Red Cross drives. And their patriotism came welling to the surface in full measure during the big strike. Our sturdy old mayor looms large in my memory in this connection as one who showed his love for the Stars and Stripes by his heartfelt denunciation of its reputed enemies who were rebelling against the flag and the law in this "outrageous strike." Our mayor could always be relied on to defend the Constitution, and he is today protecting his country from a judge's seat in the Arctic to which he was raised by an admiring President.

This city father represented a different type of Northlander from the prospector. Yet he came to Alaska almost with the first, giving up a rather briefless law trade in a Minnesota city and reaching Nome in 1900. With a shrewd eye for the things that lead to honor and success he let others break their picks on frozen gravel and their hopes in futile suits to recover stolen claims, and attached himself to the most powerful mining interests as a legal adviser. When I knew him he was the right-hand man of the dominant millionaire of Nome, local attorney for the millionaire's company, head of the millionaire's reindeer syndicate, and mayor—governing in the interest of the millionaire.

In those days Nome was able to support only one local millionaire. Or perhaps I should say, as the millionaire's friends would have it, that he supported Nome by giving employment to so many of its citizens. That was a point of view I have heard debated on street corners between business-folk and certain radicals connected with the miners' and longshoremen's unions. Anyhow this millionaire was a striking personality, who held power by virtue of his wealth and the force of character by which he had wrested it from less lucky holders. His evolution from a Norwegian-Lapp reindeer herder of 1898 to the economic master of Nome testifies to the opportunity the Northland under free American institutions gave to a poor man to rise to riches. This Norwegian-Lapp immigrant used the reindeer service merely as a means of transportation to Eldorado. Once in Alaska he promptly quit the moss-eating beasts for the treasure-bearing gravels. His claims were rich and with rare business understanding he quickly amassed other claims by ways the law subsequently sanctioned. The hard fact that many prospectors had to face was that some one who came to a claim after them had been there before them, according to the dates in the Recorder's books. Again and again in the Alaska gold-mining industry was borne out the prophecy that the last shall be first. By this time, it will be observed, Alaska had a government —and lawyers.

The big man of Nome came to serious grief only once, in those early days, say the yarn-spinning "sourdoughs." It happened when the original discoverer of the "third beach" line found that his discovery was not sanctioned by law. He met the power behind the law on the streets of Nome, and the invisible government went down so hard that he stayed down until the prospector had finished massaging his anatomy with a pair of heavy shoe-packs. Direct action won; the law saw the light and the original finder of "third beach" retired a plutocrat, though the miners who first filed on the claims further down this greatest placer streak lost their property to the claim-jumpers acting for the millionaire and his fellows.

One cannot write of Alaska without telling of its politics, for politics is the great winter industry. As other means of livelihood have waned politics has attracted more and more of the best brains. It takes a hardy and resourceful player to make good in this fierce game in the Northland, as ferocious as a malamute dog fight and governed by the same ethics. A few years ago the little town of Nome, shrunk to a few hundred from the 30,000 of 1900 days, was staging as hot a three-cornered fight within the Democratic Party as the donkey's stable has ever seen. The federal judge was trying to prevent the marshal's reappointment by calling him names over the wireless to Washington, and the marshal was throwing bombs into the judge's reputation. In fact, it had been asserted and currently believed that this particular judge had been sent into the Division "to get the marshal." He found much difficulty in revealing to the people of Nome any other qualifications for the appointment, but won for himself the title of "Windy Bill" in his brief stay on the job. A weaker faction waited on the outside for both sides to destroy themselves. In the midst of the fracas a curious document came back to Nome that showed the marshal's technique. It was a list of leading citizens of Nome and many lesser persons, naming them severally as pro-Germans, anti-British Irish, I. W. W., and ex-convicts. This list, which had fallen into the wrong hands in Washington, coincided with the panel from which the grand jury was selected. The judge's henchmen promptly sent carbon copies about the town and a new list of enemies to the marshal had been created. One of the marshal's deputies explained the why's and wherefore's of this shrewdly calculated move, which only chance had nullified. The marshal had had a tip that his enemies planned his downfall along conventional Alaska lines. The plot was to "frame" him the coming winter with an Eskimo woman prisoner. The Eskimo woman upon whom the marshal was to make an imaginary attack had not yet been arrested but at some time during the winter there was certain to be such a prisoner. The game was to present evidence of the attack to the grand jury and have the marshal indicted. When the marshal learned of this plan he countered by discrediting the grand jury in advance. He sent to Washington a list of the grand-jury talesmen, omitting none, and coupling them with whatever description would do the most good, so that whatever happened he could say: "Well, look who my enemies are." Hitting an enemy by connecting his name with an Eskimo woman was a favorite method of warfare in Alaskan politics.

Alaskans there are who have married into Eskimo families and become "squaw men," but these are principally of the older generation. The white trader at Point Barrow, the extreme north tip of the territory, is a "squaw man" with many children. He has held several federal appointments and is wholly a reputable person. In the older days, when Alaska was younger and fresher, she had a different standard of respectability. In those days there were even marriages from "The Alley." But now that the rough, rov-

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ing gold digger has given way to the politicians and the agents of the big companies such things are past. The only honor in recent years paid in Nome to a lady from "The Alley" was when the oldest resident there died. Then Nome turned out in mass to her funeral. But that meant little; Nome always would come to a funeral or a wedding.

Whiling away the tedium of an Arctic winter in a frozen-in town is a matter of much gossiping. Gossip starts in November in a sprightly, good-natured fashion; it becomes vinegarish by the New Year, and is gall and wormwood at Easter. But the arts and letters have their share in winter diversion. Alaskans are great readers, especially the lonely prospectors in their cabins. The townsfolk go in for amateur theatricals of a homespun kind. One little Seward Peninsula mining town, Council, outdid Nome itself in this respect, for the Council people had to depend entirely on themselves, having no movie in the early days. In the small group of white men there were half a dozen creative artists. One, the government teacher to the Eskimos, is now a university professor and has won several poetry prizes. Another Council citizen was a miner and mine-company bookkeeper, a Canadian Scotchman, who collaborated with the teacher in a book of Alaskan poetry that for racy color amuses me more than anything Service did with the possible exception of "Sam McGee." McLennan lacked conventional verse form, but he served bits of captivating life. Attend an old-time miners'-union smoker and get impromptu entertainment unsurpassed. A Scotchman sings a love song in brogue. An old English miner leans on a stick and begins a two-part sea ballad—he had once been a sailor—which is taken up by another old man from the audience. Up comes the village tailor, a vital young Russian Jew, and gives them a Russian revolutionary song, and follows to a storm of applause from sentimental men with a "Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, how you can love!" No Ku Klux spirit in this port for world argonauts. Morris Pascoff was the most popular fellow in town.

All the while the beer cups were passing.

What is left in Alaska today is surreptitious bootlegging and sneaking hootch parties. But in the days of the placer-gold cycle Alaska had the broad conviviality of the pioneer saloon, the one place where class lines broke down, where patent leather and mukluk pressed the same brass rail. It was my privilege to be in Nome on that historic evening before Alaska went dry by territorial enactment. The great Board of Trade saloon, a barnlike place with bars and pool tables, was jammed with hundreds of men. Champagne was two bits and all you could use. Everyone loved every one else. Even the old mayor endeared himself to the crowd as he climbed the bar at the fateful hour of midnight, when no license went into effect, and cried: "Boys, the way you are behaving shows we don't need prohibition." Then a big Danish miner turned the clock back.

But the clock could not be turned back for long. The placer-gold cycle was passing into history and with it the romantic glory of white man's Alaska. The frontier has been coming back despite the railroad from the southern coast to Fairbanks. The railroad is a big engineering achievement, but it has failed to restore the life that this capital of the Tanana River valley had in the old dog-team days, because the placer gold has pretty well gone and no other industries in the interior are taking its place. Agricultural experiment stations have done interesting things, but the utmost to expect is garden produce for the workers in other industries—and where are those industries? The immense coal deposits of Alaska are comparatively unused. Some copper is still coming from southern Alaska, and gold quartz from the southeastern panhandle strip that is comparatively accessible to Seattle, but the gigantic areas of the body of Alaska are going beyond the horizon. The cost of production is prohibitively greater than on the outside.

The fisheries produce astonishing wealth, but the fishers work out of Seattle and San Francisco in the big fleets of the Alaska Packers' Association and allied concerns, with offices on the outside. The very fishermen and cannery hands come from the outside. Alaskans have little to do with the whole affair except to protest indignantly to Washington at the favoritism which gives the rich salmon streams to the selections of the Secretary of Commerce. These fishing expeditions are reducing the Indians on the salmon streams to degradation. The fish on which they have lived since time forgotten are caught at the ocean mouth, and the native who wants to live can come down there and work coolie-like alongside imported Filipinos, Chinamen, and the medley of homeless workers who sell themselves to the canneries for the summer. Yes, the government concerns itself with the fishing situation a little. Do we not remember how Governor Riggs, Wilson's latter appointee, called loudly for a bigger launch patrol to hunt I. W. W. who were supposed to be stirring the cannery workers to disloyal thoughts? Fourteen hours a day in a cannery, bunking at night with venereals and tuberculosis carriers, might inspire disloyalty. Seeing spoiled salmon packed in by tubercular workers, with no United States inspectors to intervene, might tend to the same wayward thinking, even without I. W. W. to point the moral.

These cannery workers have had their own glimpse of how Alaska is ruled. The prospectors who saw their claims jumped through the connivance of government officials have had theirs. In fairness, however, it must be said that there has been one department of the government which has functioned differently. The Alaska Bureau of Education, under the direction for fifteen years of William T. Lopp, has in the main worked wisely for its native wards. It has proceeded on the idea of keeping the Eskimos as self-sustaining producers through their ownership of the reindeer originally fetched from Siberia. There is a danger that the Eskimo may yet become a serf to the reindeer syndicate that now owns many herds and is the big market for surplus deer production. But as yet the reindeer have been a blessing to the natives who otherwise would find famine on the tundras that have been depleted of so much of their game. The coming of the reindeer and the fact that his icy wastes were unattractive to the white man have so far saved the Eskimo from the fate that is overtaking the Indians, even those of Alaska.

If the Eskimos are destroyed, who can take their place and make a living out of the Arctic wastes? Perhaps airplane transportation will make great changes. Perhaps the dream of Charles P. Steinmetz, of blasting out a wider channel in Bering Straits and warming the Arctic shores with southern currents, will some day be a reality and Alaska will be populated by millions of homesteaders from the south. But meanwhile the ice king is squeezing out one by one the white folks who came to the great lone land he had set aside for his favorite Eskimo children.

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Stone Dust

(*Honorable Mention in* The Nation's *Poetry Contest*)

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

I

The gods have not yet learned to fear the lover.
The gods of windowed walls, uplifting high
Invisible bulk to stir the clouds, or swinging
In arcs of light and thunder through the sky—
How should the gods of granite walls discover
Between their caves and heights
A flake of dust with fire of dreams bringing
To walls and gods an end of days and nights?

II

The lover has not learned to hate the gods.
They are new gods, their soaring cubes are strange—
Their columned clay dark under columned steam,
Their roaring shafts of wheels and wire and rods.
The lover, in eternity of dream,
Answers not the moment's change,
Lets the stony ridges grow and gleam,
Lets the millions swarm and range.

III

The gods wall in the lover's dream with stone.
Of men the swift, hard gods have made a flow
Like driven water. They have paved its course.
They stem or speed it crying Stay or Go.
Down beds of granite, under ledges sown
With granite trunks, prisoned in its own roar,
Tossing among immensities with hoarse
Beating from stone of curb to bronze of door,
The flood of men goes lashing the gods' ways,
The pauseless flood of men goes down the stone
Grooves of the gods, dark-fevered in its maze,
Troubling the chiseled streets like dust wind-blown.

IV

The gods wall in the lover's dream with stone . . .
Their granite lifts a shadow to enfold
All jeweled words, all wordless music played
With an eye's gesturing of blue or gold.
Now they have edged with stone the blade
Of a bright seed that cannot rest,
The troubled builder that of dust has made
Sweet transient flesh, the soul's cry, the soul's quest.
He carved from chaos form, he drew from night
A flame, he made clear words from a blurred call;
O swift and shadowy, turn away, take flight,
Let the stones lie unused, forget the wall.
Walls may be strong, but there is strength can fling
Their stone like leaves in a wind's thundering.
O swift and hard, despair of speed and height,
Pull down the granite shadow ere it enfold
This dust so terrible with light:
There is a doom of gods within its gold!

The swift gods build—they have not known
Or feared this flake of dust too bright for stone.
Still with their hardness they encompass him,
Still now with haste and noise,
With skill that blights, with order that destroys,
They lift a granite shadow, high and grim.

V

Now must the lover heed at last the wall,
Now must he heed the gods that build,
Seeing beneath the stones the dreams killed,
Seeing of his own dreams what may befall.
The shadow of the wall is on his dream,
And the dream breaks, and looking out and down,
The lover sees the granite town;
Sheer, with jeweled window gleam,
Distorted towers earthward run
To where the millions swirl and stream
In a slit of sun;
Clearly now he sees it hang
And through the sheath of glass
Hears its shadowy hum and clang
And knows the meaning that it has.
He who saw Venus born,
And made dance and made prayer,
Carving life, molding life,
Calling life not there—
Looks out on walls, walls,
Looks down on men blown
Darkly, like drenched sand,
Dreamless, through grooved stone.

VI

Slowly upon the surge that sweeps a floor
Under cliff-faces thousand-squared with glass,
A bubble on the flood that licks their mass
And fills the roofless caverns with its roar,
Outward the lover passes, mute and small,
Near the gods' feet, and underneath their call.
They have not seen him go, but if they saw
Would they not fear withdrawal of a sun,
Noons dimmed to pearl, spring frozen in its thaw,
Green turned to blue and silver, scarlet dun?
Would they not fear lest shafts that gleam
Should yet be husks gone cold,
And speaking pavements where the stream
Of men runs strong, be bare,
And iron wheels lie red and old
In streets where silence is and mold,
But moving things nowhere?
The lover passes out and on,
Fades from the roaring clefts, is gone;
But the gods have not feared his going,
The gods move still, still call, unknowing.
Still black and full, the stream beneath
Threshes in its stony sheath.
Only the lover, only the lover
Knows that life will soon be gone;
He whom the gods could not discover,
He who passes on,
He has known gods before,
He has seen gods fall,
He has seen empty floor,
Empty shrine, empty hall,
He has heard stone roar
From a crumbling wall.

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Military "Glory" in the Colleges

By PAUL BLANSHARD

IT is "compet day" at the drill field of the University of Nebraska. Twelve hundred rifles on the shoulders of twelve hundred student cadets glint in the sun. The companies march and pivot. Clapping and a few shrill cheers come from the spectators. The bright colors of hundreds of co-eds mingle with the drabs of the men-folk.

The companies line up for inspection. The officers, tense and self-conscious, begin the round of inspection. When they have finished a little band of university girls marches on the field. They carry ribbons. They are good to look upon. They pin the ribbons upon the chests of the members of the three winning companies. Cheers. A charming girl who is president of something or other makes an inaudible speech. We do not know what she says. We do not know what a girl ought to say on such an occasion. We look up an old file of the *Daily Nebraskan* and find what one girl wrote last year:

> A nifty blue uniform, an alert stride, an expression of courage, purpose, and endurance—young officer, you command our attention. Indeed you do. We girls may not appreciate the drilling, the military skill, and the rigid discipline involved in your training, but we do recognize the results, your courtesy, your loyalty, your commandership. R. O. T. C., we are proud to have you occupy your position of prominence on the campus.

So the military idea is "sold" to the University of Nebraska and to scores of other American colleges where compulsory military training is saddled upon the students. In the midst of a non-militarist nation that is opposed to conscription in time of peace our War Department by manipulating State legislatures and boards of regents has developed in our universities a conscript army of perhaps 50,000 men. No man at Nebraska can escape the military game unless he is physically unfit or a bona fide conscientious objector. Every student who attends the university is compelled to take two years of military training. The Nebraska unit has been given the rank of "distinguished rating." In recent years the protesting voice has been almost as rare as it was in the German universities before the war. At Coe College, Iowa, Major C. B. Robbins, member of the Coe board of trustees, declared in his Armistice Day loyalty address to the students: "The college or university professor that preaches a doctrine that we should not prepare for war in time of peace is the lowest possible form of animal life." Coe is a Presbyterian college that compels all its students to take two years of compulsory Bible and two years of compulsory military training!

Why do American students submit with such docility to conscription in our universities? Chiefly because the propaganda of the militarists in our colleges has been more persistent and skilful than the propaganda of the anti-militarists. The student himself has no particular love of military training. That has been revealed by the relatively small number of students who enter the R. O. T. C. when the service is voluntary and not rewarded with special credit. But military propaganda holds the universities in its grip by the same devices of rivalry, myth, social ostracism, group repression, and rhythm that made America a conformists' paradise during the war. The propaganda which sustains military training in the colleges is one part genuine desire for national safety and five parts bunk.

Legal bunk. The big agricultural colleges in the United States receive financial aid from the federal government under the Morrill Land Grant Act of 1862. This act stipulates that they must offer agriculture, mechanics, and military training to their students in order to be eligible for the grant. Under this law the University of Nebraska receives $50,000 a year. The law does not demand that military training shall be compulsory for the students: it only requires that the college shall offer military training to its students along with agriculture. But this deficiency in the law does not embarrass the army officers in these colleges. They deliberately tell the students that the university would lose $50,000 if compulsory military training were withdrawn. Their effrontery would scarcely be credible if the memory of the legal myth of Defense Day were not fresh in our minds. These are the same officers who told the public that Defense Day was provided for by the Defense Act of 1920. An analysis of the act reveals not a single line in justification of their claim.

The Morrill Land Grant Act is so clear that no one can mistake its meaning. It provides that

> all moneys derived from the sale of the lands aforesaid by the State to which the lands are apportioned . . . and the interest of which shall be inviolably appreciated by each State which may take and claim the benefit of this act to the endowment, support, and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts . . . in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life.

There is not a line in the act which makes it obligatory upon any State legislature or board of regents to demand that all students at the land-grant institutions shall take any one course of study. The State of Wisconsin has accepted this obvious interpretation of the law and has made military training voluntary instead of compulsory at the State university.

Physical training bunk. Defenders of the system of conscription in the colleges maintain that military training is sound physical training. At Nebraska all women must take gymnastic training: the men take military training and are excused from gymnasium.

What physical value has military training? If you ask that question of an average student he is likely to reply: "Physically the whole thing is a joke." Even the more intelligent army officers will admit that military training is not first-class physical training and that the primary purpose is to teach men to lead troops. But among laymen the fiction of physical preparedness is widely believed. "Military training," says the former football captain of Nebraska to the students, "develops something of selling value for later years. Businesses are looking for men who are in good physical condition."

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At Nebraska the students take military training once a week for a three-hour stretch. They dress in ordinary hot uniforms and do most of their work indoors. In fact, from December to March there is virtually no outdoor work and only a small amount of armory marching. From one-half to two-thirds of their time, depending upon the weather, is spent sitting down listening to lectures on nomenclature of the rifle, military courtesy, map drawing, the military history of the United States, and the like. Perhaps fifteen minutes a week is spent in physical exercise that is scientifically calculated to build up the body.

Contrast this training with the same number of hours of gymnastic training at the University of Nebraska. The gymnasium student exercises in a track suit. He aims to "get up a sweat." Instead of working three hours on a Saturday morning, he spends one hour three days a week getting fit for the next day's study. Each hour is scientifically divided into three periods, twenty minutes for setting-up exercises under a director, twenty minutes for apparatus work on parallel bars, swinging rings, and frame horses, and twenty minutes for games such as hand ball and basketball. After that comes a hot and cold shower.

Historical bunk. The military instructors in our colleges are ardent propagandists for the military point of view. The respectability of their profession is at stake. Their teaching bristles with military dogmas which excite a good deal of ridicule among the more intelligent students. The R. O. T. C. Manual for advanced students which was written by a colonel, two majors, a captain, and a lieutenant calmly announces: "The important lessons of the World War were that force is the ultimate power, in spite of all the arguments of the pacifists, and that reasonable preparation for the exercise of force in accordance with the law of the balance of power is the surest means of preserving the peace of the world." It bitterly attacks the high wages of manual workers during the war, failing to point out that the wages would buy no more than the low wages of pre-war days. It condemns the soldier bonus and blames the bonus spirit on the "indulgence of the man who stayed at home and received a huge bonus for doing so—in the form of inflated wages." It condemns our present military policy as "a little too consistent" with our national traditions. It demands a military policy for the United States which shall include universal compulsory military training, a regular army of 320,000 (more than double the present strength), and an organized reserve of 500,000 to 1,000,000.

Sex bunk. The female worshiping her protector. Each company of the R. O. T. C. has a co-ed sponsor. At Nebraska the sponsors are chosen by the captains of the companies; in Iowa universities the sponsors are elected by the members of the companies. The whole student body elects each year an honorary colonel. She is described as the most popular girl in college. At the military ball which opens the formal social season at Lincoln the dancers pause a moment in the midst of festivities and a spotlight is thrown on a curtain at one end of the hall. The curtain parts. The honorary colonel steps forth to lead the grand march. Cheers.

The practice of sex glamor varies from school to school; the principle is the same everywhere. Sometimes it is a ribbon and sometimes a gold cup that the girls present to the prize companies. Always the nattily dressed cadet officer has a prior claim on the hungry feminine heart. The military leaders do all in their power to use the ancient appetite for their ends.

Success bunk. This is the most subtle and successful form of military propaganda in our colleges. The American college student loves above all else the big man on the campus. He yearns to be a big man himself. The big-man myth is just as dominant at Harvard and Spokane Christian College as it is in Zenith and Gopher Prairie. The big man is the man who "makes" the most teams and honor societies and fraternities. The military authorities have carefully manipulated this competitive habit in behalf of military training. At Nebraska they have made military training a prominent student activity. There are two honorary military fraternities. The officers of the regiment are chosen from the prominent campus leaders. The college paper prints their pictures. The clippings are sent home to proud parents. The men who cannot make the football team find in military training their chief secondary field of distinction. The fraternities pride themselves on getting the highest percentage of officers. The university prides itself on getting "distinguished rating" over Wisconsin or Illinois. "It is up to the regiment," says the *Daily Nebraskan* on the morning of compet day, "to so perform before the inspection officers that they report it as being one of the finest units in the country . . . keep Nebraska among the leaders." "It is interesting to note," says the athletic director naively, "that so far this year all major sport managerships have been won by students who are officers in the R. O. T. C."

The only individual award given to any Nebraska student at commencement is the Pershing medal for distinction in the military course.

At Northwestern, when considerable opposition to the R. O. T. C. developed, a president of the Y. M. C. A. with practically no collegiate military training was skyrocketed into a captaincy to influence student opinion. This is a common practice with football heroes.

That the War Department has recognized the importance of creating student support for military training is revealed by the official basis for the "distinguished rating" of college units. Forty per cent of the credit is based upon effective propaganda, described euphemistically on the report sheets as "student support" and "faculty support." Twenty-eight points are given for efficiency in theoretical instruction and thirty-two points for efficiency in practical instruction.

The movement for the abolition of conscription in the colleges waits upon the action of parents, alumni, and State legislatures. The students who lead such a movement are likely to be promptly expelled or otherwise disciplined unless they have the active support of influential outsiders. In spite of this possibility of punishment a student revolt against conscription is beginning. There are rumblings in California, Washington, and even Nebraska. "There would not be a hundred men in Nebraska who would drill voluntarily if the work were not surrounded by other inducements," a student told me. The opposition which is beginning to develop is not based upon pacifism in most cases. It is based upon the student's conviction that he is an adult mind capable of choosing his college curriculum for himself. He is an American and he wants the same choice that every American citizen has traditionally possessed of accepting or rejecting military service in time of peace.

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Feminists and Future Political Action

By ANNE MARTIN

REFLECTION on last fall's campaign and election leads me to this conclusion: Either American feminists do not see the male dragons in their path, perception of which would compel a more drastic attack to achieve their program of sex equality—or there are no organized feminists in this country. Nothing else can explain the failure of woman's power to register effectively in the Republican, Democratic, and La Follette campaign organizations, or the melancholy feminist debacle of the election. The fact that two women governors were elected, on conjugal and local issues, and one member of Congress *not* the choice of the Woman's Party in its belated campaign for a "woman's bloc" in Congress (all its carefully selected candidates were defeated) reemphasizes this failure.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt sounded the doom of feminism for many years to come when she urged the newly enfranchised American women humbly to "train for citizenship," to join the men's parties, "to work with the party of your choice"—exactly where men political leaders wanted them, bound, gagged, divided, and delivered to the Republican and Democratic parties. This cataclysmic blunder led to the colossal futility of the League of Women Voters' "Get out the Vote" campaign in recent elections. Get out the vote? For what? For Harding or Cox; for Coolidge, Davis, or La Follette! Take your choice!—with the results that we see before us. But, I conclude hopefully, if Mrs. Catt should even now place a vital program of feminist issues before the women of the country, and a lively list of candidates, backed up if possible by the united power of women's organizations, there would be little trouble about "getting out the vote"—and in time electing many qualified women to public office, as a first concrete step toward "equality."

As for the Woman's Party, its hitherto inverted program of getting its "blanket bill" through the State legislatures and its equal-rights amendment through Congress by begging men legislators to do it for them, has only recently been turned right side up by its new policy of securing a "woman's bloc" in Congress. But I wonder if the quite general feeling that the Woman's Party puts its own advancement and aggrandizement ahead of the advancement of women as a whole is altogether unfounded. Does not its unconsciously childish attitude of jealous control over its own chosen issue, its assumed right of exclusive discovery and possession, stand in the way of sex solidarity, of genial *camaraderie* among women in the joyous adventure of winning sex equality? Undoubtedly, I conclude, this self-willed isolation short-circuits race currents of feeling, cut off from which no group movement can flourish. It accounts in part for the lack of vitality in the party's work, for the drying up of springs of enthusiasm for its (in some respects) excellent program.

As to the male dragons in the feminist path, the most formidable seems to be the behavior of men's political parties toward women, which must be described as follows: "The power (and the jobs) we have *we hold.*" If women really want equality, must they not meet this male political behavior with a new kind of female political behavior, must they not behave as human beings determined to develop in spite of a hostile environment have always had to behave—must they not resist it, or be swamped by it, as they were in the past election? Surely they must!

This conclusion, based on the acid test of years of experience with the Republican and Democratic parties, leads me to wonder if there is any hope for the recognition of women, on the basis of ability, in the third party that may be born. My personal experiences with the La Follette campaign lead me to doubt it. You would think, wouldn't you, that to the eye of a national campaign manager the ability to get votes would be a sexless affair, since what a campaign manager wants is votes?—that if he had to choose between two political leaders whose vote-getting power in a certain State campaign, for the same office, is represented by the figures 4,603 as opposed to 710, and in the next campaign by the figures 4,981 as opposed to 494, he would choose the leader showing the highest vote-getting power? He would, if both were men. The figure 4,603 is my vote as candidate for the United States Senate, in 1918, which includes about 700 Socialist votes; 710 is the figure secured by my Socialist opponent. The figure 4,981, my vote in the 1920 campaign, includes more than two-thirds of the Socialist vote; 494 is the figure secured by the Socialist candidate in a campaign managed by my former Socialist opponent. I ran on a platform at many points identical with the La Follette platform, which was, in my 1920 campaign, indorsed by the State Federation of Labor.

My first Socialist opponent, he who secured the 710 votes, was selected by Mr. John M. Nelson, national La Follette manager, as the Nevada manager for Senator La Follette. Mr. Nelson wrote me: "I regret very much my inability to get you into the Nevada organization . . . the old sores are not healed." I am hardened politically, but I gasped when I read this pronunciamento. "*What* old sores?" I wondered. "Surely not the fact that I secured more than ten times as many votes as my Socialist opponent? Why, that's an *asset* for La Follette!"

No, as regards vote-getting power, Mr. Nelson evidently prefers demonstrated male mediocrity and weakness to demonstrated female ability and strength, even at the probable sacrifice of votes in a possibly vital State. What would the national manager do if "old sores were not healed" between two men leaders? If he were a good politician he would place in charge the man who had shown the greatest vote-getting power, and then he would move heaven and earth to persuade both leaders to get together for the good of the cause, to use their combined strength to win every possible vote and carry the State. But by his behavior in the present instance he undoubtedly regards the woman's power as negligible—and in a certain sense it is. Every politician knows, consciously or subconsciously, that women have not achieved sex solidarity, and that individual women leaders must accept the treatment meted out to them, as there will be no political come-back from women as a whole.

Like all suppressed minorities in the political field, be they labor, Hindu or Irish home rulers, Negroes or Pueblo

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Indians, women will get only as much as they organize for and demand effectually as a separate political force. Even if the La Follette Party should develop greater enthusiasm for "equality" than it has yet shown any sign of, it cannot achieve equality for women. They must achieve it for themselves, and the straightest route thereto is surely by way of sex solidarity in action—just as solid as men's—expressed through the channels of women's organizations already existing, like the League of Women Voters and the National Woman's Party. Can anything less secure the election of qualified women, irrespective of party affiliations, to State legislatures and to Congress, on a fifty-fifty basis with men? Not until existing political injustice against us whips us into united action will equality be on the way.

And what behavior should feminists adopt toward the old parties and toward the possible new one? The most effective course seems to me to be non-cooperation—until recognition be wrested from party leaders on the basis of ability, not sex, and mathematical equality be assured in the councils and committees of the party, as a technical step toward achieving essential equality as human beings. Has my recent policy of non-cooperation with the La Follette campaign produced any effect? Mr. Nelson wrote a conciliatory letter to me in October, in which, however, he claimed that Nevada would be carried for La Follette without my help. I recall my published reply:

> I think you will find that the Democratic vote there will split between Davis and La Follette, as I wrote you from Reno in July, and that Coolidge will carry the State. The margin between Coolidge's probable winning vote and La Follette's might very well have been more than made up through the money and organizers I planned to bring into Nevada, and by our vigorous, intensive methods of campaigning.

The Nevada election returns show that La Follette would have carried the state by a turnover of only about 700 votes from Coolidge to La Follette. My solitary effort at non-cooperation may have made a very small dent in the mind of Mr. Nelson.

But whether feminists decide to work with the parties on equal terms, if that be possible, or as independents or non-cooperators, their concurrent and primary job must be the winning of a united front by inducing the League of Women Voters and the National Woman's Party to sink their differences and work on a united platform. Let them find the least or the greatest common denominator on which they can agree. The support of qualified women for public office would seem to be that common denominator. This seemingly indispensable step toward sex solidarity will create a new situation between political parties and women. Every election should then mark a steady advance toward their modest goal of a half-share in government and the affairs of life.

Burrowing in the Budget

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

IV

PERHAPS the most amazing discovery in the labyrinthine windings of the accounts of the Bureau of the Budget is that at least one-quarter of the income of the United States Government comes at the present time from sources other than the pockets of what is called the "general tax-payer."

The "general tax-payer," one may assume, for purposes of definition, is the person who pays customs dues under our tariff laws and income taxes and excise taxes of one sort and another under our internal revenue laws. These taxes—tariff and income and excise (as on tobacco)—are what we commonly and hatingly call "taxes."

It is a surely amazing fact that one-quarter of our federal income comes from sources which are not, in the severe strict sense, "taxes."

Our whole total federal income in the next fiscal year, beginning July 1, 1925, and ending June 30, 1926, is estimated by the Bureau of the Budget to be likely to amount to approximately $4,300,000,000.

When the tax-payer reads that figure, he is inclined to feel a bit gone in the pit of his stomach. However, at least three-fourths of his feeling is unjustified. Let him partially revive. The air is more than one-quarter better than he thinks.

In the next fiscal year, under the general heading of payments on the interest on loans and of repayments on the principal of loans, already made by the United States Government to foreign countries and to American railroads and to other borrowers, we are going to collect more than $250,000,000 for the United States Treasury.

The United States Government is now quite a considerable banker. It has lent money in many directions. It is getting back the interest on this money in numerous cases and it is also in numerous cases gradually recovering the principal. Even France and Belgium, though they are paying us nothing on what might be called their primary debts to us, are paying us interest regularly on the money which they owe to us for the surplus war supplies which we sold to them after the Great Armistice.

Similarly our American railroads are paying interest to us—and quite considerably repaying principal to us—on some $400,000,000 lent to them by us in defiance of the principle that government should not dip into business and in furtherance of the principle that business should be governmentally enabled to stand on its own feet. It is always possible to go by one of these principles.

In any case we shall be getting at least one-quarter of one billion of dollars in the next fiscal year from federal governmental investments which we have made in foreign governments and in native enterprises. We next shall get approximately another one-quarter of one billion of dollars from certain "miscellaneous" receipts entirely different and aside from ordinary regular taxes.

Among instances of such receipts may be mentioned the following: The Library of Congress will sell card indexes to the extent of some $135,000. The architect of the Capitol will sell off surplus unneeded government belong-

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ings to the extent of earning $2,540. The Housing Corporation will operate certain "revenue-producing" enterprises (such as a ferry in Virginia) to the extent of bringing in some $700,000.

The Department of Agriculture, through operating the Center Market in Washington, D. C., will acquire some $250,000. Through fumigating cars and wagons on the Mexican border it will acquire in fees $70,000. The Department of Commerce will sell fox skins in the sum of $55,000. It will sell seal skins in the sum of $240,000.

The Interior Department will sell the publications of the Geological Survey to persons who will pay $48,000 for them. It will lease various mineral and oil lands of the United States spaciously enough to bring in $12,000,000. It will gather to itself, out of collections as a landlord from irrigated reclaimed lands, under the Bureau of Reclamation, $6,900,000.

The Department of Justice, in the course of doing justice, will collect $7,500,000 in fines and penalties and forfeitures from persons thought not to have been just and righteous. Additionally it will collect another $7,500,000 from persons thought particularly and especially to have been unrighteous in the matter of the Volstead Law. (It may be noted that in these two matters of general criminality and of Volstead criminality, with ensuing income for the federal government, the Bureau of the Budget calculates that this country will be three million dollars wickeder next year than this year.)

The Department of Labor will get $3,500,000 from laying a head tax on immigrants. The Navy Department will get $30,000 from selling charts made by its Hydrographic Office and it will get $250,000 from services rendered to the public commercially by its radio stations. The State Department will sell off surplus office material to the extent of $1,000. It will plunder travelers for passport fees to the extent of $1,200,000.

And so on.

These pickings out of "miscellaneous" promiscuous sources will line the Government's pouch in the sum of approximately $250,000,000, to add to the approximately $250,000,000 which it will derive from payments of interest and repayments of principal on its loans.

Finally there is the income from the Post Office Department which is paid by users of the mails and not by the voters in their quality as tax-payers. This post-office income is calculated by the Bureau of the Budget as likely to amount to approximately $650,000,000.

We then, adding together $250,000,000 and $250,000,000 and $650,000,000, arrive at the happy total of $1,150,000,000.

That is the stupendous sum which the United States Government accumulates annually now from sources which are not in the immediate horrid sense "taxes." It is considerably more than one-quarter of its whole total revenue —for the next fiscal year—of approximately $4,300,000,000. For whatever cheer there may be in this reflection the general tax-payer may properly send his thanks to its discoverer, William Hard, 1607 28th Street, Washington, D. C.

The actual "tax" revenue of the United States Government is today only a bit more than $3,000,000,000. To be exact, it is—as calculated for the next fiscal year—$3,135,875,000.

The chances of any drastic reduction of it will be concludingly discussed in a final article.

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter reads the musher's account of his sixty-mile journey, carrying diphtheria antitoxin to Nome, he is reminded once more that the history of man is a chronicle of impossibilities. "It kept getting colder. It went down to 28 below. The wind was fierce. I don't know how fast, but I've never felt it faster. . . . On my head I had reindeer parka and hood and a drill parka over that. But the wind was so strong that it went right through the skins. . . . Along a ways is Spruce Creek. It's always the worst spot for wind in any kind of weather. The wind was . . . picking up the snow like it was a comb. . . . My right cheek got frozen. I couldn't even see the wheel dog. . . . It was dark, too—black. . . . The trail turned so that the wind was with me. That boosted me along so I made the twelve and a half miles to Safety in eighty minutes."

* * * * *

BITTER cold, darkness, icy wind, clinging snow could not quench the spark that drove on the dog team and its valuable cargo. The driver says that without his lead dog he could not have followed the trail; the Drifter maintains that without that indefinable spark, or perhaps the burning flame, within this creature we call man, the attempt to follow the trail would never have been made. Man is a feeble animal compared with a hundred others; most of the time he is content to take the line of least resistance, to maintain himself in comfortable places, to think of sleep, or food, or warmth, or leisure. And then the occasion arises for him to renounce these things and live for a while in pain; and some urge within him for adventure, or fame, or justice, or mercy makes him take up the challenge and accomplish the impossible or burst his little frame with trying. The world looked on in astonishment while Terence MacSwiney took more than two months to die of starvation for a principle. It hears tales of treks through the desert, of burning thirst and raging fever, of cold being borne, and privation; of Dr. Grenfell of Labrador sitting out all night on an ice-floe with insufficient clothing, waiting calmly for rescue, killing two of his dogs and wrapping himself in their skins, and at last apologizing to his rescuers for causing them so much trouble; it reads of Doughty, frail and even ill, making his way through Arabia; it knows that every stormy night men at coast-guard stations are ready to venture out.

* * * * *

SUCH facts as these are ordinarily forgotten or made the subject of cheap romances; they are, nevertheless, the chief thing that distinguishes man from the other beasts. It is not only courage, or ability to endure pain and hardship; it is the fact that man alone will attempt difficult and arduous tasks for some reason other than his own safety or hunger. He is, indeed, the quintessence of dust; he is weak and frail and selfish and unreasonable—most of the time. When the time comes for him to act like a god, however, he does so, no one, least of all himself, knowing quite why. Nor is this occasional capacity for superhuman endeavor limited to physical things; it turns out Socrates, Euripides, Milton, Lincoln; it means a renunciation of the flesh for whatever urge is uppermost at the time. It does not happen every day, but if it happened much more rarely than it does, it would still be a conclusive answer to those who find life meaningless because it is mediocre.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The Nation and Mr. Bosse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After the wild paroxysms of joy exercised for many months over the British Labor Party by *The Nation* what else could the Editor do than dismiss Mr. Bosse's recitation of *facts*, setting forth the failures, broken promises, tyrannical deeds, of the MacDonald Government as an *opinion* with which *The Nation* could not agree?

It would have been easy to corner Mr. Bosse, who *The Nation* states is a Communist, by asking him: Has the present Government in Russia demonstrated that there is less tyranny, cruelty, and oppression under a Communist regime than under the Socialist rule of Ramsay MacDonald?

The state, whether it be disguised by the mantle of communism, socialism, or capitalism, flourishes on economic injustice and the brood of sufferings and ills which follow in the train of freedom denied. Each act of tyranny registered against one state can be matched by an equally tyrannical act in the other, Chalk up India, Ireland, and Egypt for Great Britain; the treatment of our own Negro citizens, Haiti, and the Philippines for the United States; the wholesale suppression of any opposition whatsoever in Russia to the Soviet Government; and where is the difference? Shuffle the pack well; the same cards are finally laid on the table.

Who has anything better to offer? No political gamester is to be trusted; every trick in his bag has been played and the people are weary of his fooling. He has pulled too many rabbits out of the hat, and if all his audience have not learned how the trick is done, at least they realize that it *is* a trick for which they pay, and like all tricks, get nothing in return.

One man who has looked behind the scenes in England is R. L. Outhwaite of the Commonwealth Land Party. There are no tricks in his bag. He explains to the people why the door to liberty is barred so fast. Open wide the gates to the land of England, he cries, and behold! the highroad to freedom. "The earth," he says, "the common source of life and wealth, being the common property of all, can be privately used only if the annual rental value be paid into the common treasury for the benefit of all the people."

He would legislate political government out of existence and the hydra-head of corruption, i.e., land monopoly, being cut off, naught would remain of government but administrative departments to be used or not as needed by the people. No tyranny, no trickery, but within reach of all the opportunity for happiness and freedom—denied by the state as we know it today.

Haverford, Pa., January 14 ELLEN WINSOR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial comment on A. G. Bosse's letter about Ramsay MacDonald's Government, published in your issue of January 14, seems to adopt the time-honored tactics of calling names as a substitute for argument. Your reference to Mr. Bosse's "point of view" as "communist" sounds like an attempt to prejudice your readers against his arguments, and is unjustified by the facts, if, as it appears, you mean that only Communists hold such views. If his statements are true, they seem abundantly to justify his "point of view." In any other sense, I fail to see what his "point of view," whether Communist or not, has to do with the question. You do not indicate which of his allegations, if any, you disbelieve. Some of them are known by everyone to be true; the rest are quite consistent therewith. I do not know whether Mr. Bosse is a Communist or not; but I know that his "point of view" on the "Labor" Government is fully shared by many who are not Communists, and that there is nothing in his letter which might not have been written by a strong opponent of communism. It is not at all necessary to be a Communist to see that Ramsay MacDonald has followed in the wake of Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson, and exemplified the ancient truism that a politician in office is very different from the same politician out of office. It is your privilege to shut your eyes to this (as it seems to me) obvious truth; but it is unworthy of you to content yourself with calling any one who points it out a "Communist."

Lansdowne, Pa., January 13 FRANKLIN EDGERTON

The Barge Canal's Future

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many thanks for your letter and the copy of *The Nation* containing the editorial on Canals and the People. I regret to note that in this editorial you have repeated the statement which I was reported to have made, which, however, I never did make; namely, that the federal government should take over the canal and that the Erie Canal be abandoned between Syracuse and Buffalo.

My one purpose is to fulfil my sworn duty to dredge the canal channel to twelve feet and to keep it at twelve feet if it is humanly possible, to bring the mechanical equipment on the canal to the highest state of efficiency; and it is my earnest hope that the canal may prove a success and carry not less than ten million tons a year.

Albany, N. Y., January 23 FRED'K STUART GREENE,
Superintendent of Public Works

"St. Joan" in Moscow

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have properly exposed the New York *Times* and the London *Morning Post* for circulating the canard about the suppression of "Saint Joan" in Moscow in reprisal for Shaw's letter to *Isvestia*. But you infer that your liberal contemporary, the *Manchester Guardian*, was above reproach in this matter.

In the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of January 9 you will find an editorial which not only accepts the *Morning Post* fiction about "Saint Joan" but even adds that Shaw's letter so upset the susceptibilities of *Isvestia* that "only a short extract or two were permitted to appear." The fact is that the Shaw letter was published in full in *Isvestia* of December 25.

New York, January 29 KENNETH DURANT

[The *Guardian*, after printing the first false dispatch, printed a full refutation. The *Morning Post*, and the New York *Times*—until after *The Nation* exposed it, did not. Hence our comment.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Fairhope School's Loss

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Arts and Crafts Building of the Fairhope School of Organic Education was burned to the ground at midnight, January 11, and its valuable collections and study material lost. Among these were the chemical laboratory and valuable books. The chemical laboratory was the best equipped in the State.

This department was the one which attracted the most interest among visitors to the school—the loss of the collection of pottery, baskets, etc., made during many years by teachers and pupils, was irreparable.

The executive board of the Fairhope School Community is making plans to raise a fund of $10,000 for the erection of a new fire-proof building and to replace the equipment of the arts and crafts and the science rooms.

Friends of the school who wish to aid it should send their contributions to the undersigned.

Fairhope, Alabama, January 21 A. G. S. JOSEPHSEN,
Chairman, Finance Committee

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Books and Plays

First Glance

ONE modern invention at least can challenge with hope of success the high place now held by the telephone and the automobile. That is the series of cheaply but decently printed classics—and such a series has this advantage over almost any other contrivance: its individual products do not wear out so soon. Nothing is deader than an old automobile or an old bicycle; but lovers of books have been heard to exult over a Bohn Library volume of 1873 found in a second-hand shop, and certain extinct issues of Morley's Universal Library or the Camelot Series are as precious in the eyes of the discriminating as first editions are to collectors.

Among the series now flourishing, Everyman's Library (Dutton: 80 cents each) was hardest hit by the war. During a few difficult years the price rose so high, and so many items were allowed to go out of print or out of stock, that one was encouraged to forget how one had been educated by these square-shaven duodecimos with their flat, gilded backs. The news, then, that Everyman is returning in full force to the field will be welcome. Out of a dozen or so fresh titles recently announced—carrying the series well into its eighth hundred—I am particularly attracted by Swift's "Journal to Stella," the "Journal" of George Fox, Pope's "Collected Poems" (minus the Statius, the Chaucer, the Ovid, and the Homer), "The Paston Letters" (somewhat abridged) in two volumes, Charles James Fox's "Speeches During the French Revolutionary War Period," and Morley Roberts's "The Western Avernus." Only the last calls for remark in this space, since it is the work of a living Englishman none too well known in America. Mr. Roberts's "Portrait" last year of his friend W. H. Hudson was disappointingly thin; "The Private Life of Henry Maitland" (1912) is more important, being indispensable still to one who would know George Gissing; but the first of all his sixty-odd books is, I fancy, the best. "The Western Avernus" should become a classic of travel. The scene is Western and Northwestern America—Texas, Iowa, Minnesota, Manitoba, the Canadian Rockies, British Columbia, Oregon, and California; and the story, told with genius and restraint, is of a young Londoner's initiation into a strange civilization through which he worked and wandered, penniless most of the time, and sore, but alive to sensations of beauty and ugliness as few men ever are.

The World's Classics (Oxford University Press: 80 cents each), now that the unfortunate decorations on their end-papers and title-pages have been dispensed with, make up the neatest and most covetable of all contemporary series; and it is gratifying to see that as they near their third hundred they continue to fill out their smooth little pocket-editions of interesting authors. In recent months "Omoo" and "White Jacket" have been added to the Melville; "The House of the Seven Gables" to the Hawthorne; "Edwin Drood" to the Dickens; "Side-Walk Studies" to the Austin Dobson; "The Vicar of Bullhampton" to the Trollope; and "The Kreutzer Sonata" (with "Family Happiness" and "Polikushka") to the Tolstoi.

The Abbey Classics (Small, Maynard: $1.25 each) are physically uninviting. The bindings fail to strike quite the right compromise between blue and gold, and the paper inclines to coarseness. But the contents, being in most cases far out of the ordinary run, are delicious. The Petronius is completer and racier than any other at double the price; the "Daphnis and Chloe," in a seventeenth-century translation with an introduction by George Saintsbury, is pure delight; the edition of the poems and plays of John Gay in three volumes is unique; and Cobbett's "A Year's Residence in America," Peter Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting," and William Beckford's "Vathek" and "The Episodes of Vathek" are books which a lay reader left to himself might never come across.

The Borzoi Classics (Alfred A. Knopf) are of course not cheap. Their titles, however, taken from Defoe, Zola, Flaubert, Rousseau, and others, have been as distinguished as their gold and black (or brown) bindings. The series is now immensely enhanced by the addition in two volumes of "Tom Jones" ($7.50), with an introduction by the man best fitted of all to write it, Wilbur Cross. It is particularly satisfactory to find the author of "The History of Henry Fielding" making no attempt, as Coleridge for instance did, to squirm out of Tom's relations with Lady Bellaston. Mr. Cross, like Fielding, is a historian; and it is not the whole business of a historian to express horror at the doings of real persons.

MARK VAN DOREN

Emma Goldman's Russia

My Disillusionment in Russia. By Emma Goldman. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

My Further Disillusionment in Russia. By Emma Goldman. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

GOD was supposed to be punishing Moses when he denied him entrance into the Promised Land. But rightly viewed, this was an act of rare consideration. The reflection is prompted by Emma Goldman's experience. The United States Government, lacking that haughty conviction of stability so marked in Jehovah, and too timid to let Miss Goldman continue her wanderings in the American wilderness, dispatched her to the Promised Land in December, 1919. She sailed to Russia in a trance of expectation: she was to behold Mother Russia, "the land freed from political and economic masters," where the peasant was raised from the dust and the worker, the modern Samson, "with a sweep of his mighty arm had pulled down the pillars of decaying society." Two years later she came out of Russia convinced that state-centralization had paralyzed individual initiative and effort; that the people were cowed into slavish submission, depraved and brutalized by organized terrorism; that every idealistic aspiration was stifled, human life cheapened, all sense of the dignity of man eliminated; that coercion had turned existence into a scheme of mutual deceit and revived the lowest and most brutal instincts of man. In brief, the Bolsheviki had not established, and were not trying to establish, the cooperative, decentralized, Anarchist commonwealth. And to Emma Goldman that is the only revolution that matters.

But how account for her intellectual or emotional somersault in accepting, even for a time, the Bolsheviki as "the symbol of the revolution"? They are Marxian Socialists, with an ideal at the opposite pole from Anarchism. A Quaker, adopting a fleet of tanks as a symbol of the brotherhood of man, would be as confusing a spectacle. It took Miss Goldman many months of bitter experience to divorce her ideal from the rashly chosen symbol. If people will play with symbols and ideals they should try to avoid mismatings. Miss Goldman's veteran teacher, Peter Kropotkin, made no such mistake. "We have always pointed out the effects of Marxism in action," he reminded her. "Why be surprised now?" Miss Goldman, torn by her inner

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conflict, was amazed to find Kropotkin looking gay, almost young, conversing with sparkling humor and displaying a refreshing power of observation and a generous humanity. And this, though he was living in privation and obscurity. He listened attentively to all she had to tell of mismanagement, inefficiency, stupidity, cruelty, tyranny, and then said: "There is no reason whatever to lose faith. I consider the Russian Revolution even greater than the French, for it has struck deeper into the soul of Russia, into the hearts and minds of the Russian people. Time alone will demonstrate its full scope and depth. What you see today is only the surface, conditions artificially created by a governing class. You see a small political party which by its false theories, blunders, and inefficiency has demonstrated how revolutions must not be made."

These quotations are examples of inferences drawn by two famous Anarchists from certain observed facts of Russian conditions between 1919 and 1921. Other observers of similar facts drew different inferences. There is no point at this date in rehearsing the facts. They are of much the same order as those recorded for about the same period by Arthur Ransome and H. N. Brailsford. Not that Miss Goldman's facts are uninteresting or unimportant. Far from it. She had excellent chances for observation over a wide area; for she had accepted a task from the Bolsheviki that she felt she could conscientiously undertake—that of collecting material for the Museum of the Revolution at Petrograd. The expedition took her in a private car from Moscow to Kiev and from Kiev to Archangel and gave her an opportunity, of which she took full advantage, to acquaint herself with all shades of disaffected opinion. But it is her inferences rather than her facts that invite comment. If one distrusts them in favor of the inferences of Brailsford or Ransome, it is for specific reasons. And the principal reason is this: violent inner conflicts are not the soil out of which sprout unbiased opinions. Miss Goldman repeatedly speaks, not merely of disappointment, but of conflict. The sufferer is not always the person who understands best the nature of his conflicts. One may be pardoned a guess about hers. She persuaded herself that she hoped to find her revolutionary ideal on the way to realization under the Bolshevik rule. But think of her deep-seated antagonism, nourished for years, against the Marxians! In the deeper layers of her consciousness she must have hated intensely the thought of Marxian success, must have longed for convincing proof of failure. In like manner some pacifists insisted that they hoped they were mistaken, and that the World War might really prove to be the war that ended war. But they felt a secret unacknowledged satisfaction when they were able to say: "Only twenty-eight wars now going on, after the close of the war to end war!"

And one more reason for distrusting Miss Goldman's inferences. She tells how she grew up under the discipline of a German school in Königsberg, in an atmosphere of hatred to Russia; and how later her soul was completely transformed, until Russia, where she spent four years, no longer spelled evil. But one's soul does not escape so easily the effects of a rigorous childhood training, or lose the impress of a stamped-in pattern. She says many laudatory things about the Russian peasants and workers, about the revolutionary consciousness that led them to seize the land and the factories. Had they been allowed the free play of their initiative the real revolution might have come to birth. But underneath all this her distrust remains, the contempt, the unconscious Prussian attitude. It slips out unexpectedly in this rather casual comment on some peasants at a wayside station: "A peculiar people, these Russians, saint and devil in one, manifesting the highest as well as the most brutal impulses, capable of almost anything but sustained effort. I have often wondered whether this lack did not to some extent explain the disorganization of the country and the tragic condition of the revolution."

A minor satisfaction furnished by this book is that of reading quotations from *Mother Earth* and interpretations of the Anarchist ideal under the Doubleday-Page imprint. One remembers how the shocked Czarist officers who arrested Catherine Breshkovsky read aloud to an ever-increasing throng of interested peasants extracts from the revolutionary pamphlets just seized among her effects. Some young and plastic mind, exposed to this book, may be more impressed by the Anarchist point of view, ably expressed, than by the denunciation of Bolshevism, staled by repetition. Conservatives, now and then, appear in delightfully unexpected positions.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Divine Philosophy

Those Barren Leaves. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THE English house-party is conducted upon a broadly tolerant principle. Anyone with the slightest modicum of individuality—even if it be merely enough to make him a recognizably distinct variety of the general class of bores—is considered eligible; and while one man is invited because he has won a great battle another is likely to find himself asked merely because he happens to be mad upon some unhackneyed subject, like trousers for women or the cross-breeding of white rats. The result is not only a delightful social institution which offers the opportunity to study more different varieties of the human animal than can be found in any other similarly restricted area, but also a perfect framework for the satirical novel. In "Those Barren Leaves," as in a previous work, Mr. Huxley takes advantage of it and is able, without the slightest apparent lack of verisimilitude, to bring together in the Italian villa of an English lady a marvelous menagerie which includes, among others, a lady novelist, an aging parasite, a gilded youth interested in love and the other arts, and the impecunious editor (lately down from Oxford) of the *Rabbit Breeder's Gazette* as well as a variety of minor personages who are all sufficiently distinguished by some virtue or defect to be regarded by their eclectic hostess as "interesting." Of each he draws an unforgettable satiric portrait, and in their company he continues his search, long ago begun, for that which, lacking a better word, we must still call his soul.

Incidentally, and lest these remarks should seem, by their flippancy, to imply the contrary, it may be said that Mr. Huxley has never written a richer book or one in which clearer or more cogent thought lay behind the superficial extravagance of his manner. Perhaps because he himself revolted in horror from his own hideous masterpiece, "Antic Hay," he has returned to the manner of "Chrome Yellow," delicately pinning and neatly labeling his butterflies instead of breaking them upon the wheel of his scorn; but behind it all is clearly visible a desperately lucid mind which has sought in vain for some unmistakable reality, moral, philosophical, or scientific, but which has found nothing which could, with any assurance, be called more than appearance. Tentatively and with a disarming smile of self-mockery he puts into the mouths of his editor or his amorist the speculations of his own astoundingly detached intelligence; but they lead him nowhere. The collapse of the religio-philosophical attempt to find a meaning in life and the impotence of science to say more than that life lives and reproduces itself seem to him to leave no rational course open except the ancient pursuit of wine, women, and song. The second is the essential member of that trinity, and one need take only a single look at the mechanical amorist to realize that love, unless it be made resplendent by some mysticism or at least fascinating by some prohibition, is no passion great enough to fill a life. The oratorical enthusiasm of Mr. Fax, who perceives the promise of life fulfilled in the imaginary contemplation of millions of laborers housed in model tenements, he cannot share; but the aesthete and the Don Juan bore him no less. He is not content to dismiss St. Peter's as no more than the tangible evidence of the existence of a past age of oppression. Yet when he turns to beauty for consolation he finds Mrs. Aldwinkle, with her "large

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and inarticulate enthusiasm" for all works of art, the type of those who are willing to worship the beautiful without trying to discover in it the meaning which he has never been able to find; and in Mrs. Aldwinkle's especial admiration for Filippo Lippi—who "though but a friar had the strength of mind to run off with a young girl at a convent school"—he suspects not unnaturally that he has discovered the source of her aesthetic appreciation, namely, a gentle titillation of those amorous passions of which he is already weary. The circle is, it seems, closed. We live to love or we love to live, and whichever way we choose to take it the one seems no adequate justification of the other.

It is Mr. Huxley's ill-fortune as a man and his good-fortune as a writer that he happens to be possessed of an absolutely detached mind which, however much it may share the natural human longing for certitude and fixity, never deludes itself into believing that it has found them. Given any premise he can elaborate it with clarity, logic, and force into a world-philosophy; but he always chooses to put this philosophy into the mouth of another because he knows perfectly well that, given another premise, he can produce another system quite as logical as the first. In "Those Barren Leaves" we have presented the thinker, the aesthete, the sociologist, and the epicurean, and we can take our choice; but we know as Mr. Huxley knows that none is good or satisfactory. Once, when he was just emerging from the Victorian belief in rational progress as an adequate substitute for Providence, he tried to believe in science; but science showed him, in "Antic Hay," only a hen which was trying to crow because male organs had been grafted on her, and the only implication was the insistent suggestion that character, personality, and the soul were no more than the result of some obscure chemistry. Today in "Those Barren Leaves" he has come to say:

> How charming is divine philosophy! . . . Gall and Mesmer have given place to Freud. . . . Can we doubt that human intelligence progresses and grows greater? Fifty years hence, what will be the current explanation of Filippo Lippi? Something profounder, something more fundamental even than faeces and infantile incestuousness; of that we may be certain. But what, precisely what, God alone knows. How charming is divine philosophy!

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A French View of American History

Histoire politique et social du peuple Américain. Par D. Pasquet. Tome 1, *Des Origines à 1823.* Paris: Picard.

MANY books on America have been published by Europeans, but the number of them that have been the result of serious study is relatively few. In particular the French, who are supposed to have a special fondness for our country, have been remiss in informing themselves about its development after the period of exploration and settlement was past. During the last few decades only one work of moment treating nineteenth-century America has been issued from the French press; and only a few histories by Americans have been translated, textbooks by Channing and by Muzzey, Farrand's running account, and President Wilson's history. In the textbooks used in French schools the history of the Great Republic is consigned a place subordinate to that of Switzerland and Spain. M. Pasquet is, therefore, fully justified in presenting to his countrymen a history of the United States that is based upon his extensive knowledge of the American historians and their works. In the first of the proposed volumes we have a learned foreigner's interpretation of the early history as he has found it expounded in the most authoritative works of American scholars. In his bibliography he has omitted no outstanding monograph, nor has he failed to take into account the teaching of variant schools. Possibly it may be said that he has not at all times successfully welded his divergent sources into unity; indeed his work, like those issuing from our own universities, presents a spotted appearance, the main narrative following closely the older traditions, but relieved by occasional high lights where recent learned monographs have supplied the requisite data.

Writing for a French public, M. Pasquet has chosen to eliminate much of the trumpery that makes up political history. His readers would be lost in the intricacies of party politics; they are primarily interested not in congressional debates and presidential elections but rather in the development of a wilderness into the home of a highly organized industrial society. The limitation, however, of a sketch of Aaron Burr and his Western activities to a footnote is surprising, perhaps drastic.

So successful is the first volume that we shall await with interest the second, in which the author promises to describe a "society where the concentration of wealth surpasses all that has hitherto been seen."

There are few faults in the book; no slips of importance have been noticed. And it has one merit that should be mentioned: there is no overemphasis on New England. M. Pasquet draws his illustrations from all colonies with impartiality, and gives especially to Virginia the prominence it deserves. With correct perspective he subordinates the religious influence upon settlement to the economic. A test of the competence of the French historian of America can always be found in his treatment of his country's assistance to the colonies during the revolution. Many French and American historians have attempted to prove the disinterestedness of France, and since the World War there was every incentive for M. Pasquet to gloss over the sordid motive, but in the discussion of the reason actuating his country he follows the best scholarship and eschews chauvinism. The same may be said of the "X. Y. Z. Letters" and the aggravating policy of Napoleon. In the reviewer's opinion American historians can learn a lesson in perspective, lucidity, and objectivity from this learned Frenchman.

C. W. ALVORD

A Feminine Quixote

Music of the Past. By Wanda Landowska. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MME LANDOWSKA accomplishes in this book two useful services: she makes us see her main subject, the music of the past, from many fresh points of view, makes us realize its humanity and living beauty, and explodes many stupid but widely accepted superstitions that reduce "old music" to a museum piece; and incidentally she touches with a devastating irony many of our most cherished illusions as to our own epoch, showing us how much of our "power" is only noise, our "romanticism" exaggeration, our "progress" a gain in means rather than ends, our "taste" a momentary fashion. Although much that she has to tell us of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music (especially in the valuable chapter on Interpretation) will be eagerly read by intelligent performers, it is probable that music lovers in general will be even more stimulated by the ricochet of her opinions against modern fads and follies.

For example, in the chapter on Grandeur and Pathos she writes:

> A combative critic of the second half of the last century, Azevedo, was accustomed to say of a score which failed to please him: "This score lacks gendarmes, it does not collar me."
>
> In old music, it was bad taste to make excessive use of gendarmes.

And in the chapter on Virtuosi there is this:

> Chopin's *tempo rubato* had little in common with the *rubato* of our virtuosi, with that *epileptical rubato* which makes a pell-mell of the designs and the arabesques. *Rubato,* for Chopin, meant nonchalance, not disorder.

And in Music and Maecenases:

> We make infinitely more concessions to our modern Maecenases, the public, than were made to the Medici,

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> the Esterhazys, the kings, and the popes. . . . How often have artists not said to me: "I am playing little horrors this evening; but how can I help it? It's what the public likes best." . . . "The public," cries Richard Strauss ecstatically in his manifesto on Progress, "the public is God's voice." Has the greatest king, the most beautiful queen, ever been so flattered?

It is a pity that, with such good things to say and such force and wit at command for the saying, Mme Landowska should so often fall into an argumentative and fault-finding, not to say a quarrelsome, tone that makes her truths half untrue by adulterating their universality with irrelevant personalisms. "In our day," she says, "we consider the sonata—I cannot say why—the profoundest and sublimest of forms. On the other hand, the concerto, even Beethoven's and Mozart's, is thrown down from its pedestal. Why? Because, we are told, the concerto, instead of being a collective manifestation, is but an accompaniment intended to show off the soloist. Let us then suppress 'Manfred,' 'Hamlet,' all Shakespeare's dramas where a hero is surrounded with persons meant to serve him as a foil. Let us suppress all plays with music. For the concerto is a little opera, without settings, without devices, without action, and, sometimes even, without music." This is more witty than wise. The excellent chapter on Transcribers, much needed as a rebuke to the tamperers with masterpieces (though musicians are perhaps hardly so much worse than painters as Mme Landowska thinks, and she would be interested to read the late Abbott Thayer's passionate invective against "restoration"), is marred by animus in such passages as these: "It is in the rich harpsichord repertory that the knights of transcription take the most unlimited liberties, invoking the pretended differences [*sic*] between our piano and its predecessor. . . . They are absurdities to justify the taste for faking and the absolute lack of any historic sense." Surely these differences are not "pretended" when Mme Landowska herself describes the coupling of registers on the harpsichord which such good musicians as Mr. Harold Bauer and Mr. Arthur Whiting believe can only be attained on the piano by a doubling of notes at the octave. The point is at least debatable, and cannot be dismissed in a burst of dictatorial ill-temper. And though much that the author says of the cheapening of rhythm by the *carrures* which followed the introduction of bar-lines is admirable, the bar-line is not an unmixed evil, and it is a superficial aesthetics that seems to regard it as such. So intelligent and well-informed a writer hardly needs to make straw men of superficial or ignorant people and then pound them down with heavy logic or puncture them with superfluously keen satire, even when the arguments adduced are sounder than that the Germans excel in instrumental music because they are poor singers, or that Bach shows his knowledge of grief and love not in his incomparably emotional music but in the fact that he had two wives and twenty-two children!

We shall not imitate our author by quarreling about details, but rather express our gratitude to her for giving us a book full of interesting facts, fresh points of view, unconventional and individual insights. The translation is adequate, despite some eccentricities such as "theorical" for "theoretical," "accord" for "chord," and "contrapunctal" for "contrapuntal."

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Books in Brief

Exile and Other Poems. By Richard Aldington. The Four Seas Company. $2.

Decidedly the most impressive volume thus far by this imagist poet who of late years has been busy as an editor and translator, and who incidentally has become not quite so completely an imagist poet. Several songs here in the seventeenth-century manner are as exquisite as they are bold, and the longer pieces, evidently evoked by profound personal experience, say more than most imagist poets have ever had to say.

The Little Book of Modern British Verse. One Hundred Poets Since Henley. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Uniform with Miss Rittenhouse's famous anthologies of American verse, this neat little volume will preserve many fine small poems—and nothing more.

Three Flights Up. By Sidney Howard. Scribner's. $2.

Taken singly, the four stories in this collection represent well-constructed and well-executed ventures in the field of the long short-story; considered together they reflect a talent still in the formative stage which is pursuing experiments in several directions simultaneously. Altogether, a volume of high promise and considerable achievement.

The Politics of Oil: An Example of Imperialist Monopoly. Prepared for the Labor Research Department by R. Page Arnot. London: Labor Publishing Company. 2/6.

This lucid booklet, one of a series of studies of modern capital, gives in less than a hundred pages a résumé of the world struggle for oil. Oil is a monopoly industry, intimately associated with the great banks and financial houses; it dictates government action which hides behind such words as "open door" and "equality of opportunity." All this Mr. Arnot follows discerningly, without a hint of British bias. Perhaps no other industry would so adapt itself to his economic interpretation of history.

Drama

Drawing-Rooms and Drama

THERE is nothing quite so difficult to reproduce upon the stage as the charm of social life. The gracefully intimate contacts of the civilized drawing-room presuppose silence upon certain fundamental things and a tacit avoidance of all those direct and naked conflicts which constitute the natural material of drama. The "scene" is indeed the direct antithesis of the ideal social intercourse, and when drama enters the door that gentle restraint which is the essence of manners flies out of the window. Dramas do, of course, take place in drawing-rooms; but no sooner have they begun than their locale ceases in effect to be a drawing-room at all and becomes, instead, a battlefield. It may be a good deal more exciting than it was before, but it has lost a charm which can never be recaptured until peace has been once more declared. Polite intercourse is a sort of truce; those engaged put aside for a moment all their most passionate beliefs and all their most eager desires; they are content to insist upon nothing which their fellows will not readily grant, and those are most skilful at playing the game who know best how all drama may be avoided. The intense may say that society reduces all to the level of a common denominator very near to zero by demanding that each give up the most important part of himself, but that is not quite true because he does not give up; he merely enters with others upon a mutual agreement temporarily to keep the peace, and the ensuing truce is the most delightful interlude which civilization has devised. It enables men to forget for an hour both the unsolved problems of the world and the fact that each man is essentially irreconcilable with any other. It preserves for a time the restful illusion that life is not, in its essence, savage.

Mr. Paul Geraldy has an incomparable gift for writing dialogue whose grace and delicacy represent the achievement of the ideal toward which society strives, and if it were not, as we have said, absolutely impossible to make drama out of this charm which has as its essence the absence of drama, he would make it. His temperament is rich and full; he is by no means ignorant of the forces which shatter the ordinary restrictions of social intercourse; but he loves to watch these forces as they are checked and chastened by the restraints of the drawing-room.

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What he has done in his delightful piece "She Had to Know" (Times Square Theater) is to create as completely as possible the atmosphere in which comely lives are led, and to rely as far as he dares upon the charm of this atmosphere to sustain his play. To his hero and heroine, a serenely married couple of subdued passion who are the ideal types of the world he is describing, he brings a man and a woman who live more sultry lives; but they, as befits them, leave all that is tempestuous in their character outside the door in order that they may enter the drawing-room in the manner of those who understand the nature of its truce. What the heroine "had to know" was whether or not she had that power to "attract men" which she had certainly no desire to use but of whose existence the presence of the second woman reminds her. How she found out is the subject of the play, and in order to create a situation the playwright was compelled, toward the end, to shatter the atmosphere which he had created and introduce polite farce. Yet it is not this action, but the perfect evocation of the mood of social life at its best, which the audience will remember. Had the author cared to go a little deeper into the subject which he touched and to consider the dangerous assumption that the power to attract is not properly a part of a "good woman's" character, he would have come upon drama. Drama was not his purpose, however, and he has left the question as unsettled as the most delicate of drawing-rooms would have left it. Miss Grace George is obviously the ideal person for the leading role because she, more perhaps than any other American actress, has the power to give, without any overemphasis, the impression of the completest womanly wit, grace, and gentility. Mr. Bruce McRae, who plays opposite her, is almost equally good, and the entire supporting company—including especially Miss Charlotte Ives—is admirable.

"Out of Step" (Hudson Theater) is an ingenious comedy dealing with the difficulties of a young man with a natural genius for jazz music who finds himself thrown by fate and marriage into the commercial world. There is some superficial discussion of the future of jazz as an expression of the American spirit, but the author has chosen to devote his attention more to the development of theatrically effective scenes than to the exposition of his idea. As a result his play is more lively than profound, but it is still good entertainment. "The Small Timers" (Punch and Judy Theater), the first production of the new Art Theater, is a good amateur play performed in a good amateur manner. "The Depths" (Broadhurst Theater), in which Miss Jane Cowl is appearing, manages to use all the conventionally dramatic situations which arise from the story of the prostitute who wants to reform; it never rises above the level of the cheaply obvious.

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International Relations Section

Canada and the Empire

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

CANADA is developing an international status of her own. This status is evolving naturally and consistently within the British commonwealth of nations, although, like the course of true love, its attainment has not been always along smooth pathways.

The Dominion's attitude toward international responsibilities became more clearly defined during the weeks previous to the Inter-Allied Conference which dealt with ways and means for putting the Dawes Plan into operation. The point on which the Canadian Government insisted at the beginning of the negotiations was separate representation for the Dominion. The precedent for this demand was the Dominion's status at Versailles and Washington and the agreement reached at the Imperial Conference in 1923 respecting the negotiation of international treaties.

Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald, Premier of Great Britain, believed at first that there would be considerable difficulty in the way of granting such a status. He pointed out that the purpose of the conference was to find a method for putting the Dawes Plan into successful operation. It was his opinion that this would not impose special obligations on Canada, and he apparently contemplated no Canadian representation except at the preliminary meeting. Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Premier of the Dominion, maintained that Canada was entitled to the same status as at Versailles and that there should be no repetition of Lausanne, when Canada refused to sign the treaty between Turkey and the Allied forces on the ground that the Dominion was not asked to send a representative to Lausanne.

The position taken by Mr. King was the one which finally prevailed, and Canada was given a representation coequal with the two British plenipotentiaries. The correspondence between the British Government and the Canadian Government shows how this was brought about. The first communication was a cablegram sent by His Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on June 25, as follows:

> Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's statement in the House of Commons of June 23 that he is now in communication with the Dominion regarding proposed Inter-Allied Conference has been seen by Prime Minister in cable dispatches to press here. No message on this subject has been received so far by him from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or yourself, and before questions are asked him in the House here, Prime Minister is anxious to receive same.

In answer to this message the following cable was received:

> Your Prime Minister will have seen press reports of the Prime Minister's statement in Parliament, as to the result of the conversation with the French Prime Minister at Chequers and the proposed Allied conference in London next month. Prime Minister is away till tomorrow and arrangements for the organization of the conference must await his return, but further telegram will be sent as soon as possible.

On June 28 the Secretary of State for the Colonies sent another cable pointing out that the principal task of the conference would probably be to agree on terms of an instrument to be signed by the Allies and by Germany, formally binding the parties executing the recommendations of the Dawes report. This instrument, it was stated, might take the form of a protocol. A preliminary conference was suggested along the lines of the resolution passed at the Imperial Conference in 1923. On June 30 the Canadian Governor General cabled a concurrence in the suggestion.

Doubt was expressed as to the possibility of having a Minister present at the preliminary meeting, but the cable said:

> We hope, however, to have one of our ministers represent Canada at the main conference. To effect this it will be necessary for us to be immediately advised if we are right in the assumption that, as respects negotiations, the signature and ratification of the proposed protocol, and the principles governing it, will be the same as those regarding the treaties negotiated at other international conferences—(Versailles and Washington).

In the reply on July 3 it was explained that the work of the conference would be strictly limited in scope and that "generally speaking, it is difficult to see that any special obligations on the Dominion will be entailed." The application of the panel system, as arranged in Paris in 1919, was recommended. Another method suggested was that the dominions and India should agree on a single representation, but it was pointed out that this was a departure which might be open to objection.

On July 7 the Governor General pointed out that there was no escape from the conclusion that negotiations in such a case required that the dominions and India should be separately represented. At Paris and Washington, it was pointed out, Canada's representative held a "full power," signed by His Majesty, in the form of letters patent, authorizing him to sign for the Dominion of Canada. The cable continues:

> If the protocol is to be signed on behalf of Canada, and the terms of the resolution of the Imperial Conference are to be followed, it will, we think, be necessary to have at the conference a representative of Canada holding a full power signed by His Majesty the King, in the form described, and sanctioned by Order in Council of our government.

Hon. P. C. Larkin, High Commissioner for Canada in London, was delegated to represent the Dominion at the preliminary conference.

On July 11 the Secretary of State cabled that he had had a full and frank talk with the high commissioners of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Irish Free State, and the Secretary of State for India, "and have explained to them the difficulties which confront us in securing separate representation of the dominions and India in the same manner as at Versailles and Washington." It was suggested that (a) the British representatives should keep in continuous consultation with the high commissioners or other representatives appointed by the dominions, and (b) that the dominions' governments be kept fully informed by telegraph of conference proceedings.

On July 12 the text of the Anglo-French note prepared on July 9 was cabled to Canada. This note set forth at length the purposes of the Inter-Allied Conference. On July 13 the contents of the cable were carefully considered by the Canadian Cabinet, and on that date a cable was sent as follows:

> From the statements of your telegram of July 11 it

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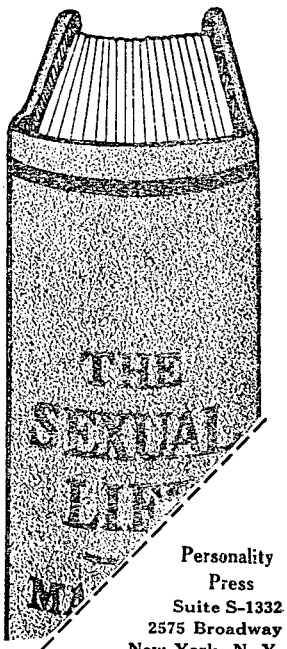

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would seem that the preliminary conference was not, as we had been led to believe, so much for the purpose of arranging for representation of the dominions and India, on a British Empire delegation, as for the purpose of informing the dominions and India of what, in advance of consultation with their representatives, had been decided upon with respect to representation at the Inter-Allied Conference.

This is precisely the procedure adopted with respect to representation at the Lausanne conference, to which exception has been taken, concerning which we have been told we should have spoken more plainly at the time and which, for many reasons, we had hoped would not be repeated. We regret that we are unable to acquiesce in this method of procedure, or to depart from the position which we have consistently maintained of having Canada's right to representation at the Inter-Allied Conference determined in accordance with the precedents established at Versailles and Washington, and confirmed by the 1923 conference resolution which our Government has formally approved.

With regard to possible objection by other countries, we deem it sufficient to observe that the British Empire has an absolute right to determine its internal organization, which, in the relevant aspect, has already received international recognition. In case the rules of procedure at the conference do not permit the entire British Empire delegation to be present at the sessions of the conference, we are quite prepared to agree that the representation at such sessions shall be determined from time to time by the delegation, but we regard as essential to our signature to any protocol or other agreement negotiated at an international conference, where there is a British Empire delegation, representation of Canada or such delegation by a delegate holding full powers in the manner set forth in previous telegram. In thus stating our position we feel that we are adopting the only course which will commend itself to our parliament.

On July 15 an "urgent" message was sent from England to Canada accepting the "panel" system, by which one dominion representative should be present each day, as a way out of the difficulty. On the same date the Governor General cabled the Secretary of State for the Colonies setting forth the understanding that the procedure to be followed would be similar to that followed at the Paris peace conference. In accordance with that understanding the Government stated that it had by Order in Council appointed Hon. N. A. Belcourt as the representative of Canada at the conference and requested issuance to him "of the necessary full powers."

On July 17 a reply from the British Government was received, in which the following was stated:

> In order to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding I want to make it quite clear that its proposal in my message of July 15 was that the Canadian representative should attend the meetings of the conference under the panel system in rotation with the representatives of other dominions.
>
> This procedure follows that at the Paris peace conference in so far as that conference provided that each delegation had the right to avail itself of the panel system, but is not in accordance with that part of the rules of the Paris conference which provided for separate representation of the dominions and India, in addition to the possibility of their inclusion, if so desired, in the representation of the British Empire by the panel system. You will also like to know that it can be arranged for representation of the dominions to be present at the meetings for the conference on the days when it is not their turn to sit as members of the British Empire delegation. This will insure that they are fully acquainted with all that goes on in the conference.

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The Canadian Government accepted this proposal and Hon. N. A. Belcourt, representing the Canadian Government, attended the sessions of the conference, and attached his signature to the protocol.

Speaking at Wiarton, Ontario, on August 30, Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, explained his position concerning Canada's status in the British Empire. Mr. King pointed out that Canada as a member of the British Empire had obligations and responsibilities as well as rights. All Canadians believed that within the empire there was offered more security, freedom, justice, and opportunity for service than would be possible in any other relationship. He stated that Canada's action in refusing to sign the treaty between Turkey and the Allied forces last year was taken because the Dominion was not asked to send a representative to Lausanne. Mr. King further declared:

> We stood on the broad basis of no taxation without representation at these great imperial affairs, but this year when questions arose out of the Treaty of Versailles which involved matters with which Canada had to do in the settlement of the war, the Government took the position that it was interested, and insisted on representation at a conference which, we believed, would help to restore relations in Europe and improve conditions throughout the world.
>
> In a word, our position has been this: that in regard to foreign affairs there are some things which we in Canada feel to be of our own immediate and direct concern, and of no concern to other parts of the empire. These things we should manage ourselves. We took that position with regard to the treaty with the United States on the halibut question on the Pacific coast. Just as we have gained self-government in domestic affairs, so in foreign affairs, which are of direct and immediate concern to ourselves, we contend that they should be managed by our own people. In foreign affairs in which we have no immediate or direct interest, we believe these questions should be left to those parts of the empire concerned. If questions arise, which are of a character likely to affect all of us, then we say where our interests come into touch with those of other parts of the empire, we should take our part in shaping the policy and have our voice heard.

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL, who has been *The Nation's* correspondent in Central Europe, has returned to France where he will continue to write on social and political subjects.

BRUCE ROGERS, born in Georgia and educated in Texas, became a wandering newspaper writer, acting for some time as editor of a miners' daily paper in Nome, Alaska. He is now general editor of the Interport Feature Service of New York.

PAUL BLANSHARD is field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

ANNE MARTIN, suffragist and feminist, was the first woman to run for the United States Senate.

DOROTHY BREWSTER, who frequently reviews Russian books for *The Nation*, visited Moscow after the revolution.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON is well known as a composer and critic of music.

C. W. ALVORD is an American historian living in England.

OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY is connected with the Toronto *Star*.

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FREDERICK A. MUSCHENHEIM

On Monogamy

In response to numerous requests, a stenographic report of the speeches and discussion at the Third Nation Dinner has been printed in pamphlet form. Subject: "Is Monogamy Feasible?" Speakers: Prof. A. A. Goldenweiser and Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons. Chairman: Miss Freda Kirchwey. The price is 35c and the edition is limited. Order from The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York.

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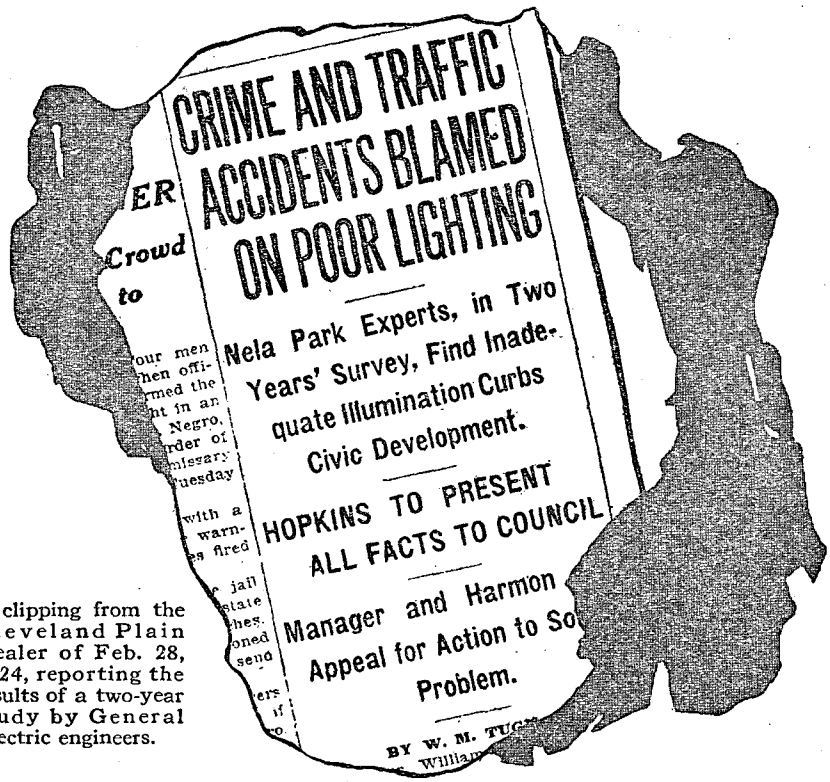
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BY W. M. TUG

A clipping from the Cleveland Plain Dealer of Feb. 28, 1924, reporting the results of a two-year study by General Electric engineers.

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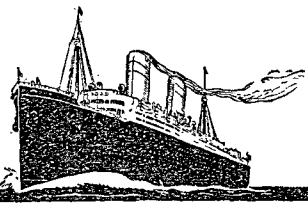

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